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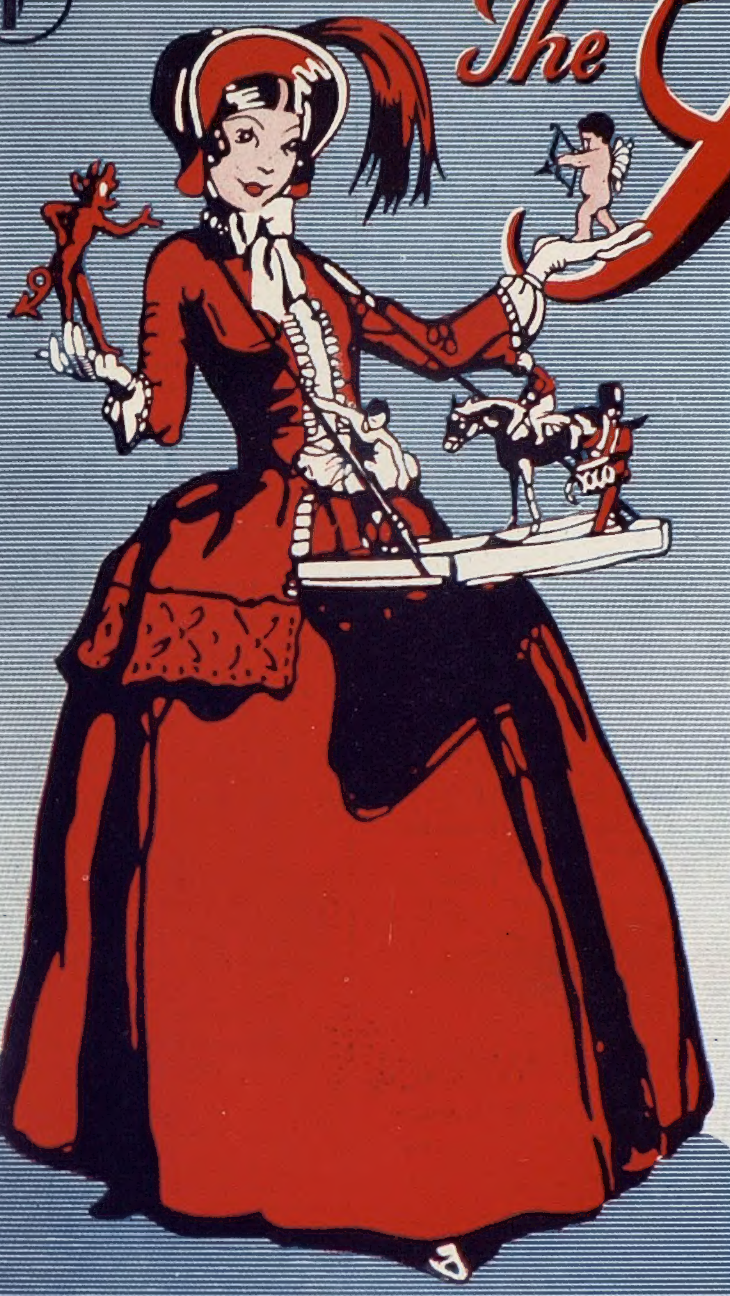
The Sketch



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GERMANY—*continued.*

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The Sketch

No. 2313—Vol. CLXXVIII. WEDNESDAY, MAY 26, 1937. ONE SHILLING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JANET JEVONS.

THE DUKE & DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH—DESCENDED FROM CHARLES II.

This fine portrait-study shows the DUKE *and* DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH AND QUEENSBERRY *in their robes. Both are descended from Charles II., the Duke through his ancestor the Duke of Monmouth, and the Duchess through hers, the Duke of St. Albans. His Grace is the brother of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester; and is Lord Steward of H.M.'s Household. The Duchess of Buccleuch was a Canopy-bearer to H.M. the Queen at the Coronation, and her son, the Earl of Dalkeith, acted as a train-bearer to H.M. Queen Mary. She is wearing the celebrated Buccleuch diamond belt as a tiara.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

GIRLS WILL BE GIRLS.

RECORDS of many kinds are broken every day—indeed, they seem to be made on the same principle as pie-crust and promises. Those who cannot break records at the Olympic Games can make a reputation for themselves by sitting on top of a flag-pole for a week, or dancing till their legs give way under them, or wheeling a perambulator across the Andes; and if all else fails, they can always be married in an aeroplane or in a submarine (nobody has yet been married in mid-air in a parachute—I can't think why). The Channel, unfortunately, has become rather *vieux jeu*, and is not likely to recapture popular interest until somebody walks across from England to France in a diving-suit.

However, the good work goes on. News comes from Poland that a Professor of Music at Lublin—which I am sure you will be able to pick out instantly on the map—has established an entirely new kind of record. He has not, like certain other bold and bright spirits, played the piano without cessation for a fortnight; he has delivered a speech lasting twenty-six hours about "the vileness of women." He proudly claims the title of the "World's Biggest Woman-Hater." It is reported that he began talking at seven in the evening and finished at nine p.m. the next day, with an interval of a few seconds only "to drink milk and eat a few eggs." Raw eggs, I expect—these milk-drinkers and egg-suckers are terrible fellows when they are roused! Lashed to fury by this dairy-product diet, he "poured forth a voluminous stream of accusations against women." What happened to his audience during this Misogynists' Marathon we are not informed. The girl who had chucked him, and who was undoubtedly the cause of all the trouble, must have had a lively session of it. I suspect that the Professor told her, quite definitely, where she got off; and I hope that this will be a warning to all girls not to trifle with the affections of professors of music. What with their artistic temperament, and the milk and eggs to which they are notoriously addicted, they are very dangerous people to cross in love.

All the same, twenty-six hours of telling-off, more than a whole day on the frailties of a frail sex!—no, it seems to me to be overdoing it. It rouses all my old-world chivalry. Girls will be girls, and we all know that they have their faults, but it does not become us to be too hard on them. After all, we men—are *we* without our little foibles? Living in glass houses as we do, are we in a position to throw beams and motes into other people's eyes?

If driven to it, could not any woman of real eloquence and enthusiasm orate for twenty-six hours on the weaknesses of the opposite sex? Why, in the good old days when vigorous matrons and maids were kicking Cabinet Ministers in the shins and giving police-constables the k.o. and tearing-up railings all over London, there were women who could have talked, not for twenty-six hours, but for twenty-six years on the iniquities of men! It has always seemed to me very hard on them that men, in their mean, unsporting way, took the wind out of their sails, and deprived them of their chief pleasure in life, by giving them everything they asked for, and a little bit over, for luck. However, some of them still have a word or two to say, if you provoke them, about the shames and scandals of a "man-made world." In a twenty-six-hour contest, I should back them for a tidy sum against any Professor of Music from Lublin or anywhere else.

How different from the spirit of this atrabilious Pole is that of the Reverend Cornelius Whur, who, exactly a hundred years ago, estimated woman at her true worth! You may remember—every man of nice instincts ought to remember—his classic lines—

> In this imperfect, gloomy scene
> Of complicated ill,
> How rarely is a day serene,
> The throbbing bosom still!
> Will not a beauteous landscape bright,
> Or music's soothing sound,
> Console the heart, afford delight,
> And throw sweet peace around?
> They may, but never comfort lend
> Like an accomplish'd female friend!

That is the spirit we should all cultivate. The trouble with the Polish professor is that he has never had an accomplish'd female friend; and you can't really wonder, as it seems improbable that any of his female friends have ever been able to get a word in edgeways—and female friends don't altogether appreciate that quality in their male friends. I am afraid it is the same with all so-called "woman-haters." Most woman-haters that I have met—and most man-haters, too, for that matter—are people who would very much like to be liked by the opposite sex, but they don't quite know how. It is with themselves that they are really out of humour. Their philosophy, I am afraid, is that of the numerous and popular Sour Grapes School. The peculiarity of that school of thought is that careful chemical analysis shows the acidity to exist not in the grapes, but in the philosopher.

It seems to me absurd to be either a feminist or a masculinist. I can understand a man with a bad liver hating the entire human race (we all do it at times!); but it is just silly to hate a sex merely *as* a sex, and for the true explanation of this obsession I think we have to apply to Herr Freud. I very much doubt whether there is as much difference between the sexes as we like to pretend. It is men's pose that they can never really understand a woman, and women's pose that they can read men like an open book; but aren't they both, in reality, equally mysterious creatures—because they happen to be human beings?

CORONATION CELEBRATION.—DRAWN BY JOYCE DENNYS.

MR. BRISTLEWOOD DOES SOME GARDENING.

ONE OF THE CORONATION VISITORS FROM FRANCE: "Voilà! Le vraì type Anglais."

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

SHOTS FROM LE TOUQUET AT WHITSUNTIDE.

LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE *is one of our air-minded peeresses. She is seen leaving the airport on arrival.*

MRS. STEPHEN RALLI *(left) and* MISS GROTRIAN *look as if they meant to enjoy their round of golf.*

CAPTAIN *and* MRS. LEX WILSON *and a friend (right) are watching players drive off.*

MRS. KEN HOMAN *(left) and* MISS P. MOORHOUSE *were among the decorative young women who went to Le Touquet for golf at Whitsuntide. There was some sunshine, too.*

This group at the first tee consists of MRS. GILROY, MRS. WENHAM *and* MR. BAILIEU.

VISCOUNTESS LONG *launched the idea of wearing a wool net, instead of a cap, on the head for golf.*

LORD WILLIAM TAYLOUR *is seen doing a little golf shopping before going out to play. He is the younger son of the Marquess of Headfort.*

LE TOUQUET NEWS-REEL.

LADY PHYLLIS ALLEN *(left) and* MRS. EDWARD DE WINTON WILLS *had just arrived at Le Touquet by air when this snapshot was taken.*

MRS. KEN HOLLWAY *was as smart as ever in dark blue and white. She's seen sitting with the* HON. MRS. BRINSLEY PLUNKET, *who is a sister of the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava.*

MISS MICHAEL VYNER, *the beautiful Australian film actress, travelled to Le Touquet in this smart and unusual get-up.*

MRS. VIVIAN EMANUEL, *who flew in the Plunket's party to Le Touquet, is a keen golfing fan. She enjoys walking round.*

MISS AINO BERGO, *the Scandinavian screen actress, is seen with* MR. IAN GALLOWAY.

MRS. ARCHIE CAMPBELL, *the wife of Sir Guy Campbell's youngest brother, flew over to Le Touquet.*

MR. MICHAEL WEAVER, *the former Cambridge athlete and present Conservative candidate for Workington, is here enjoying a chat in Le Touquet sunshine with* MRS. GERRY EMANUEL, *who is a daughter of Mrs. Walter Russell, of the Paris-American colony.*

LADY WORTHINGTON-EVANS *looked very attractive in her golf suit of dark blue, worn with a mustard-yellow jersey and buttonhole. She and her husband, the second Baronet, spent a week at Le Touquet.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

THE CANADIAN-BORN WIFE OF THE KING'S SECRETARY.

VISCOUNTESS HARDINGE, *here posed in her robes and holding her coronet, is the wife of the fourth Viscount Hardinge, who is the King's Private Secretary. She was Miss Margaret Elizabeth Arnot Fleming, and is a daughter of Mr. Hugh Fleming, of Wynyards, Rockcliffe, and Ottawa. Her marriage to Lord Hardinge took place in 1928. She has a son and a daughter.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

THE WIFE OF THE PREMIER EARL IN HER PRESENTATION DRESS.

The COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY *was presented at the first Court by her mother, and is here seen in the dress that she wore on this important occasion. She was Miss Nadine Crofton Atkins and in 1936 married the Earl of Shrewsbury, twenty-first Earl and Premier Earl (on the Roll) in Peerages both of England and Ireland. Lord Shrewsbury, who is Lord High Steward of Ireland, walked behind the Lord Great Chamberlain in the Royal Procession when it entered the Abbey for the Coronation Service.*

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

TO-DAY, May 26, many anglers from England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales will be fishing strenuously on Loch Leven in the International Trout Fishing Match. The English team is captained by W. Bruce, with W. Ayre vice-captain; other members of the team are H. E. Armstrong, H. J. Bell, J. R. Cowan, R. H. Dodds, Dr. H. G. English, J. G. Grahame, P. Horsfall, W. R. McCreath, S. O'Hanlon, C. Short, R. M. D. Smellie, G. P. Trentham, G. Waddell, with B. C. Hall and D. M. Reid as reserves. Last year England won, Ireland was second, Wales third, and Scotland finished last. In the five matches in which all four countries have participated, England and Scotland have each won twice and Ireland has won once. England's catch last year—151 trout, weighing 121 lb. 3 oz.—was the biggest score up to date, though in one of the four matches between England and Scotland from 1928 to 1931, Scotland weighed in 242 trout for 153 lb. 14 oz. The best individual catch last year was twenty trout, 14 lb. 5 oz., by Mr. Short, fishing for England; Mr. Horsfall, also in the English team, was second with nineteen trout, 13 lb. 2 oz.

MRS. WALLACE H. McMILLAN, *wife of a Winnipeg sportsman, landed a 43-LB. SALMON on Vancouver Island.*

Wonderful Sport on the Spey.

Not for thirty years has such a heavy catch been taken on the Gordon Castle Waters, belonging to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, as was recorded this season up to the end of April. Three rods, including Captain Fletcher, of Saltoun, and Mr. Percy Laming, had between them no fewer than 517 fish, practically all taken on fly. The greater part of the bag—467 fish—was landed on the Brae Water, and the heaviest fish, 37 lb., was caught by Lady Pollington. The excellent sport is attributed to the big spate in January, which made netting very difficult and allowed a bigger percentage of fish to run up the river. On Delfur the bag was just under 300 fish to four or five rods. The Gordon Castle catch shows that the fly can hold its own, and there is little doubt that bait-fishing is being carried to excess by some anglers, to their own detriment. If conditions are favourable for fly-fishing, the fly will kill as well as bait, and probably better. This is particularly the case with low water and difficult fish, when a small fly and greased line will take fish that will not look at a bait.

The Dee Disappoints.

Except for the beats about and below Banchory, which have done well, sport on the rest of the Dee has been disappointing, I hear. Above Banchory results have been poor, and at Aboyne and above practically nothing has been done. It appears that the spate early on made a big hole at Durris, where the fish all congregated. According to my informant, there are not enough fish in the Dee to stock the whole river, and the fish that are in will not move. He thinks that the fish from the hatchery are from some other river or they have some new blood in them which has altered their habits. The change has been gradual, but it is ten years since the upper beats had a really good year.

A Fine Thames Trout.

On Coronation Day, Mr. Warren Hastings caught one of the heaviest Thames trout that has been taken for some seasons. When I weighed it on the following day it scaled 8 lb. 2 oz., so was probably over 8¼ lb. when caught. A beautifully shaped fish, very deep for its length, but I think it would have weighed a pound or so more had it been caught later in the season when fully recovered from spawning. Mr. Hastings caught it above Blake's Loch in the headwater after many other anglers had tried for it in vain. What Mr. Hastings does not know about Thames trout and how to catch them is hardly worth knowing. He had another fish of 6 lb. 4 oz. from the same spot, and he was not the first angler to try for it by any means. This season he has had five fish weighing together just over 25 lb. Mr. Hastings tells me that conditions for trout-fishing on the Thames are not very good. He recommends trying the open waters and leaving the pools until there is less stream and the water is not so cold.

Two Gaffing Incidents.

By a rather strange coincidence, I heard on the same day of two instances of salmon being gaffed and, after being lifted from the water, jerking themselves off the gaff and regaining the water. There is a certain river-keeper on a well-known south country river who is doubtless feeling somewhat sore. No gillie is safer with a gaff than he, and it is easy to picture his discomfiture when he saw the salmon which he had gaffed flick itself off and, with a derisive wag of its tail, dive back into the river and disappear. The other instance occurred on the Deveron to Captain W. M. Hoggan. He had played out a fish of about 12 lb. and gaffed it some five yards from the bank. He lifted it to carry it ashore when, to his great astonishment, the salmon gave a violent twist, freed itself, hit the water with a big splash, and was gone. Captain Hoggan saw a farm lad on the opposite bank who had evidently been watching, for he called out, "Mon, but that 's bad luck!" Captain Hoggan replied, "Look out for it, as it 's gaffed and will die." At that moment the salmon appeared, belly up, in midstream. There was a boat on the other side, so the lad rowed across, picked Captain Hoggan up, and he was able to follow the floating fish and re-gaff it. Apparently the cast was wound round the fish and must have been broken when Captain Hoggan first gaffed it, as the hook was firmly buried in the tongue.

The HON. MRS. ALISTAIR COOPER, *sister of Lord Glanusk, is the champion lady salmon-fly caster. She caught this* 40-LB. SALMON *in the River Wye, and* MRS. McDOUGALL *(right) gaffed it. This is the largest fish Mrs. Cooper has ever killed, and is a record for Pwll-y-faedda waters.*

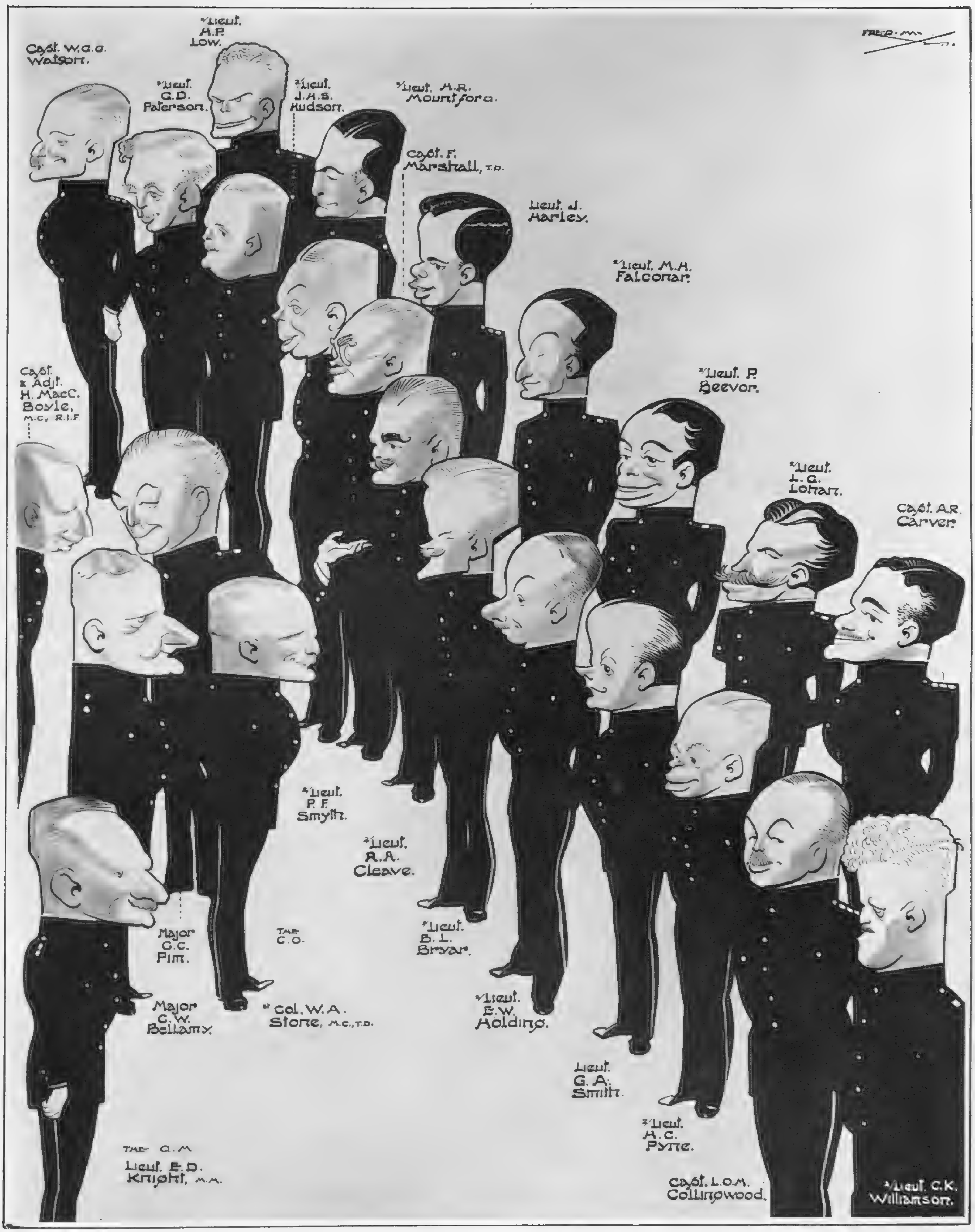
I HAVE HEARD THAT—

An 8-in. bull frog was found in the stomach of the 7 lb. 5 oz. trout caught by Mr. T. Eales in the Elan Valley Reservoirs, when it was dissected by Messrs. John Betteridge and Son, Birmingham, who are preserving the fish.

Sir Edward Mountain, Bt., has had 114 salmon during the first fortnight of May on the Delfur Water, River Spey. His best one-day catch was eighteen fish.

R. L. MARSTON.

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.



CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

THE KENSINGTONS.

The 13TH LONDON REGIMENT *(Princess Louise's Kensington Regiment) is descended from the 2nd and 4th Middlesex Rifle Corps, and moved to its present H.Q. at Kensington in 1885. Until the recent formation of the London Division, it was one of the battalions of the famous "Grey Brigade." Members of the regiment served in the C.I.V. in the South African War; and two battalions served with distinction in France, Flanders, Salonika, and Palestine in the Great War. The 13th will move to new and modern H.Q. in the near future. H.R.H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, has been associated with the regiment since 1908.*

JUMPING AT TOWCESTER IN SPRING WHITSUN

This group includes COLONEL BRADSHAW, LADY CLAUDE HAMILTON, *and the* MARQUESS *and* MARCHIONESS OF HAMILTON.

The HON. LOUISE FERMOR-HESKETH, *younger daughter of Lord Hesketh, and her fiancé,* MR. EDMUND STOCKDALE, *son of Major and Mrs. E. D. Stockdale.*

Right: MAJOR W. E. LYON, MRS. P. G. ORMROD, *and* LORD HESKETH, *who owns the Towcester race-course, are here seen (from left to right).*

MRS. PETER WIGGIN *(left) and* MRS. FRANK FURLONG *(formerly Miss Kingsmill) were two of the young married women present.*

MRS. H. WHALEY *and* MISS ANNE MITCHESON *faced the camera side by side.*

MISS BEALE *went*
uniform. She is talk-
DU BUISSON, *sister*

SUNSHINE: SNAPS FROM THE MEETING.

A serious conference between CAPTAIN RICHARD AGNEW, LIEUT.-COMMANDER *and* MRS. A. D. COURAGE, *and* MR. J. SCHREIBER.

Left: MISS PEGGY GORDON-MOORE, *the* HON. THOMAS FERMOR-HESKETH, *and* MISS BARBARA HUTCHINSON *found something very amusing in the distance.*

racing in her nurse's
ing to the HON. MRS.
of Lord Portman.

MRS. RICHARD AGNEW *and* MAJOR *and* MRS. MONTEFIORE *are the trio in this snapshot.*

MR. *and* MRS. L. J. LIVINGSTONE-LEARMONTH *are shown on the Members' Stand at Towcester Races.*

This close-up of MRS. L. J. LIVINGSTONE-LEARMONTH *and* MRS. RICHARD AGNEW *shows the smart spring hats they wore at the Towcester Whitsuntide jumping meeting.*

OVERSEAS VISITORS ENTERTAINED BY HER GRACE OF SUTHERLAND.

Left: "The Garden-Party" *given by the Duchess of Sutherland at Sutton Place was in honour of overseas, Dominion and Colonial visitors. Here* T.I.H. PRINCE *and* PRINCESS CHICHIBU *of Japan are posed with* LADY BETTY BUTLER, *sister of the Duchess, the* HON. MRS. STUART-WORTLEY, *and* MR. *and* MRS. PARR.

Right: H.H. SULTAN SALEH BIN GHALIB AL-KAITY, SULTAN OF SHEHER AND MAKALLA, *was a guest at Sutton Place. He is shown in the robes he wore at the Coronation.*

VANDYK.

The SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR *(right) and* SAID BIN ALI *are seen in the garden of Sutton Place.*

MISS CLARITA MARTINEZ MORENO *is a charming guest from San Salvador, Central America.*

MISS ELIZABETH LEVESON-GOWER, *daughter of the late Lord Alistair Leveson-Gower, and heir presumptive to the barony of Strathnaver and earldom of Sutherland, is with* SHEIK OMAR FYE, *the official guest from Gambia for the Coronation.*

VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH, *son of the Marquess of Londonderry,* VISCOUNTESS CASTLEREAGH, *and* MISS SINCLAIR *(right) are shown with the* ALAKE OF ABEOKUTA *(centre).*

Left: MISS SHEILA MARTIN, *a guest from Australia (left), and* MISS JEAN CHERETON *posed in the flower gardens.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFREDO VALENTE. COURTESY "STAGE."

KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD AS BRÜNNHILDE:
"HOJOTOHO! HEIAHA-HA!"

MME. KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD, *the Norwegian operatic and lyric soprano, is due to be heard to-night, Wednesday, May 26, at Covent Garden in her famous rôle of Brünnhilde in* "DIE WALKÜRE," *in the second cycle of the "Ring" conducted by Furtwaengler. She made her début in Oslo and later sang at Bayreuth. She arrived almost unknown, however, at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, where she immediately sprang to fame. She made her London first appearance at Covent Garden last year. "Hojotoho! Heiaha-ha!" is the cry of the Walküre.*

TALES WITH A STING.

SEVEN HOURS IN RIO.

By WINIFRED AGAR.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

A CLOUDY day was dawning as the ship entered Rio de Janeiro harbour. The mountains whose fantastic silhouettes surround the bay were touched faintly with colour. A haze lay low over the town.

Miss Treves, her half-clothed body hidden beneath a coat, leant over the rail of the promenade deck. There were only one or two other people about, most of the passengers being asleep in their cabins.

Miss Treves was by nature too diffident to experience the self-congratulation of those who rise early to see the dawn, and her face at this moment expressed only delight. In England her nights were invariably disturbed by the demands of an invalid mother; the landscape of Rio harbour was an agreeable alternative to tremulous requests from an adjoining suburban bedroom.

She was a small creature, with a neat, pale face framed in hair that was equally pale and neat. The inconspicuous monotony of her features was almost counteracted by a friendly mouth, but even there the uneventful habits of a lifetime had contracted its generous contours into another neat curve, bracketed by faint wrinkles. Her eyes were childlike. Her age might have been anything from twenty-seven to forty.

She stood looking at the pin-points of light that pricked the outline of the bay. They paled, and a languid sun arose, decked about with cloud. Miss Treves retired below. Unaccountably, she felt elated, and from her meagre wardrobe chose her best frock, extinguishing her slight frame in a dim affair of greys and gentle blues.

She had lavished the whole of a small legacy on this unparalleled adventure—a journey to South America. Now she was on her way home after a week spent timidly in walking up and down Calle Florida in Buenos Aires and chatting to English ladies at her inconspicuous hotel. She smoothed her collar, patted her hair, and ventured forth on the eternally glamorous expedition down passages, across a hall dominated by the barber's shop, down two flights of stairs to the dining-saloon. She never used the lift.

By the time she had concluded a classically English breakfast the ship had come into port, and soon she could be seen (though no eyes followed her) walking up the Avenida Rio Branco. She had seven hours at her disposal and no very clear idea as to her method of spending them. She recollected desperately, as she walked along, the feelings she had had when starting out on this journey. It had been a last revolt against the insidiously gentle spinsterhood of mind and body which was absorbing, year by year, more of her being.

But her adventure had given her nothing that she could carry back with her to colour the coming years. She might as well have stopped in the city, tapping on her typewriter. Quite the inevitable spinster of fiction, in fact. . . .

Such thoughts led to a vision of herself on any week-day evening in the year, picking her way down Moorgate with careful steps, that the rain might not soil her shoes, boarding a bus which linked her to an Underground station; this in turn delivered her to another bus, releasing her finally into the devouring maw of home life in a suburb with her mother, playing patience in a drab room after a tasteless supper. And in the morning the same process would be reversed and she would be bandied passively from spot to spot, until at length she sat at another table, with a typewriter instead of a pack of patience cards before her, and, hovering in the background, a large man, as irritable as her mother, but without her mother's redeeming interest in her as a living being. She had desired, very desperately, some breath of air before the seas of middle-age closed above her head.

Irresolute, she paused on the pavement, looking up to the hills, longing for the money with which to hire a car. A breeze tickled her cheek gently. The spring air in Rio, she admitted to herself, was really delightful. It had a sweet, pungent warmth. Christina Treves, who had hitherto endorsed her mother's dictum that a bracing atmosphere was Nature's best Tonic for Gentlewomen, now first felt, with surprise, the subtler joys of enervation.

Suddenly, she heard herself hailed, and turning, beheld Mrs. Protten, a lively lady, beneath whose flapping tread the decks of the *Aminta* had resounded almost unceasingly since the beginning of the voyage. Behind her hovered a negligible husband and her son, a sleek youth of twenty-three. Resisting inaudibly, Christina found herself being swept into a car with the entire party, to which had been mysteriously added a fellow-passenger known simply as "the Marquis."

"We will go to those mountains." Mrs. Protten included the whole horizon in a mighty flourish of the arm, speaking in what she believed to be the Portuguese language.

"Sure," said the chauffeur, whose black straw hat crowned a jaunty Japanese face. Christina found herself wedged between Mrs. Protten and the Marquis, who appeared to be apprehensive of the speed at which they were travelling.

They had soon left the town behind. Passing through an avenue of palm-trees, the car raced up a hill, over which small houses were scattered, their gardens glowing with flowers and crawling with dark babies. Negroes, leaning in groups against gates, idly pelted the passers-by with orange peel.

The warm, sweet air was ingratiating. Christina shivered pleasurably. Her bones, she noted with surprise, felt as if they were melting. It was a disconcerting feeling. Mrs. Protten was asleep. The sleek son, Jack, looked sleeker than ever, his lips slightly parted. Mr. Protten, senior, sitting in front, puffed discreetly at a cigarette. The Marquis, for want of anyone better worth looking at (but, really, he decided, she was not unattractive at the moment, with those shining eyes), turned a warm eye on Christina. She smiled at him.

The car wound through an upward-sloping jungle of trees and shrubs, and finally came to rest high up the mountain-side, where a gap in the foliage revealed a view of unutterable loveliness. The chauffeur waved his hand with the proprietary air of one who has performed a good conjuring-trick. The Marquis became exclamatory in an unknown tongue.

Mr. Protten, senior, threw away his cigarette and beamed benevolently at the landscape. Jack gallantly helped Christina, who was quite capable of looking after herself, to alight, upon which the Marquis joined them, and she found herself escorted on either hand by a surprisingly ardent male. She would ordinarily have been at a loss to cope with these attentions, but at the moment she felt self-assured. The air, she thought, must have something to do with it.

Cocktails were produced, and Mrs. Protten, having planted herself on the grass at a point where she could obtain the most complete monopoly of the view, proceeded to apportion the drinks. Christina, whose head had already to contend with subtler inebriations, refused; the others drank enthusiastically. Far below them lay the bay, strewn with countless precipitous islets whose slopes were wreathed in scarves of mist. The sea lay in a neat selvedge of sand so pale as to be almost white, and colour everywhere was at this distance softened without any loss to its clarity, assuming, indeed, a luminous reticence which enchanted the eye.

After lunch, Mrs. Protten manifested a desire for sleep, while the rest of the party sought for some occupation with which to while away the afternoon. The Marquis and Jack Protten turned simultaneously to Christina as being the only available instrument for the rendering of the one tune they had variously mastered. At any other period of her career Christina would have felt distressed and yet faintly amused at such an extravagant attack on her susceptibilities. To-day, it was different. She was, indeed, disturbed, but deliciously so. How could she help it, breathing such air? Even her hair seemed to lie in kindlier folds. The Marquis soon decided, however, that the amatory game was not worth playing with such a novice as Christina, and he retired from the field.

"Come for a walk," said Jack Protten to Christina. "We 'll go and inspect that waterfall." Cocktails, wine, and the air had agreeably elated him. Anything feminine with a modicum of charm would serve to intrigue him at such moments. "Come on, Miss Treves."

"I 'd love to," she replied. Christina was bemused and exalted by the air alone, and when he took her arm as they walked away she gave him such a blind, bright look that he almost dropped it and ran.

[Continued on page xiv.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

"HELLO! PRINCESS MARGARETHA OF SWEDEN SPEAKING."

These enchanting studies show our youngest royal visitor, the two-and-a-half-year-old PRINCESS MARGARETHA OF SWEDEN, *at the telephone. She is the only child of Prince Gustav-Adolph and Princess Sybilla of Sweden, son and daughter-in-law of the Crown Prince of Sweden, and near relatives of our Royal Family. Both are great-grandchildren of Queen Victoria, the Prince being a grandson of the Duke of Connaught, and Princess Sybilla a granddaughter of the late Duke of Albany and a niece of Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone. Prince Gustav-Adolph and Princess Sybilla came over for the Coronation, and their baby girl has just joined them. This is her first visit to England.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ATELIER JAEGER.

THE KING AND QUEEN AT A PRIVATE BALL.

H.M. QUEEN MARY, *attended by the* DOWAGER COUNTESS OF AIRLIE *(left) and the Hon. Sir Gerald Chichester, honoured the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland by her presence at their ball at Hampden House. Huge crowds waited outside in the rain to see the royal guests arrive.*

The occasion on which T.M. THE KING *and* QUEEN *honoured the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland by attending their ball was the first on which a reigning Sovereign and his Consort had attended a private dance in London since 1914. Their Majesties joined in the dancing and remained until shortly before 2 a.m.*

T.R.H. THE CROWN PRINCE *and* PRINCESS OF NORWAY, *who were guests at the Hampden House ball, are seen at the Norwegian Club dinner, to celebrate Norwegian Independence Day, at the Dorchester. The Crown Prince is the only son of the Queen of Norway and a first cousin of the King.*

T.R.H. THE DUKE *and* DUCHESS OF KENT *are seen arriving at Hampden House for the ball given by the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. She wore a purple dress, a diamond tiara, ear-rings, and necklace. The Princess Royal, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and other royalties were also present.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CANNONS OF HOLLYWOOD.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THE COUNTESS OF ROSSE—For Wearing Hundred-Year-Old Robes on Coronation Day.

The COUNTESS OF ROSSE, *the beautiful young wife of the sixth Earl of Rosse, made a lovely figure in her stately robes and coronet at the Coronation Service. She did not have to purchase new ones for the occasion, but appeared in historic robes dating from the Regency period, and over a hundred years old. They are made in one, with a front panel of contemporary embroidery, not a dress under the kirtle. Her superb tiara and her necklace of emeralds and diamonds are heirlooms in her husband's family, and the centre stone of each dates from the reign of Queen Anne. Lady Rosse, who was married in 1935, is the only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Leonard Messel, and is the sister of Mr. Oliver Messel.*

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

LADY ELIZABETH PAGET, *daughter of the Marquess of Anglesey, went to the first night at Glyndebourne, when "Don Giovanni" was most admirably given.*

It would be difficult to imagine anyone better fitted for the position of hostess to our King and Queen than the Duchess of Sutherland. Tall, handsome, gracious, and bred in the traditions of the grand manner, she has tremendous charm, and that gift of hostess-craft which is not just the birthright of the socially important, but a special talent supplied by the Good Fairy at the christening. Both the garden-party which she gave on the Saturday at Sutton Place for overseas, foreign, and Dominion visitors, and the wonderful ball at Hampden House, at which she and the Duke welcomed all the members of the Royal Family circle, were notable for the perfection of every detail in the organisation.

. . . .

The ball at Hampden House touched the high-water mark for splendour at any private entertainment. It has been compared to a State Ball in its magnificence, but there was the great difference that Court dress was not worn by the men, and that the diplomats did not attend in their full dress. The men, indeed, were the least decorative members of the gathering—a position they do not usually occupy at State functions, for uniforms outshine even the most successful frocks, and gold lace and orders hold the field against diamonds.

"Don Giovanni" was chosen for performance on the opening night of the Glyndebourne Mozart Festival. **MRS. JOHN CHRISTIE,** *wife of Mr. John Christie, the owner of the Opera House and organiser of the Festival, is in the centre, with* **MR. TOYE** *and* **LADY DUNNE.**

SIR PAUL *and* **LADY PATRICIA LATHAM** *were among those who attended the opening performance of the Mozart Festival at Glyndebourne.*

The jewels on this occasion were wonderful. The Queen seemed to be sparkling all over, as her dress was white, and sprinkled with light diamanté, and she had a big tiara and a necklace of diamonds. Queen Mary, in silver, looked superb as ever, and also wore many diamonds and a particularly wide tiara. The flowers were magnificent, mostly pink and rose-red, and had been brought from Sutton Place and also sent down from Scotland—where the weather has been much better of late than that we've had to put up with in London. The rhododendrons were particularly fine.

. . . .

The Queen talked for some time to the Duchess of Sutherland before the King opened the ball with his hostess, and the Duke of Sutherland partnered her Majesty. Very shortly afterwards all the guests joined in the dancing, which made the gathering different from a State Ball, at which the royalties dance alone for some time. White was worn by most of the royal guests. The Princess Royal looked particularly well in a snowy dress, with a lovely sun-ray tiara, and the Duchess of Gloucester was also a *symphonie en blanc majeur,* with a rather similar tiara. Princess Chichibu, who dresses extremely well, wore a beautiful white frock, and so did Lady Titchfield.

The Duchess of Kent was a royal exception to the all-white rule, as her dress was of vivid purple, worn with her sapphire and diamond parure and other ornaments. Another royal guest who looked exceedingly handsome was the Grand Duchess of Hesse, who had an all-round crown of diamonds with a pastel-blue dress.

The Queen of Egypt is one of our most interesting royal guests. She looks so young that many people take her for the sister and not the mother of the King, who is simply devoted to her. She wore a sort of grey-blue lamé dress and was greatly admired. Another beautifully dressed foreign guest was the Begum Aga Khan, who came with her husband, wearing her famous emeralds and diamonds. The Duchess of Northumberland had the same enormous diamond tiara that she wore at the Coronation Service, and chose to appear in the same gold frock—a most beautiful one.

. . . . .

Hampden House is large, and when the hard tennis court is covered over and used as a salon there is a great deal of space, so that, in spite of the large number of guests, there was never a hint of over-crowding. The ballroom was hung with tapestries from Sutton Place, and adorned with many flowers in patriotic red, white, and blue. The Sutherlands did not give a dinner-party before the ball, but there was one at Londonderry House, where Lady Londonderry, who wore all her famous jewels, with a black dress, entertained the handsome Maharaja of Jaipur and several of the Crown Princes and Princesses (isn't that a fine phrase?), and the French, German, and Belgian Ambassadors, to mention only a few of her guests.

. . . . .

And so to Glyndebourne once more! Climatic conditions in London, more suggestive of November than May, did not deter the brave and the fair from giving a fashion display on the platform at Victoria Station, and fox furs, ermine, and Persian lamb flaunted their elegance against a definitely

The **CAMBRIDGE** *lawn tennis team chosen to meet Oxford on the Iffley Road courts last week included (l. to r.; standing)* **MESSRS. K. H. LO** *(China and Fitzwilliam House),* **D. H. MACKENZIE** *(Malvern and Pembroke),* **J. N. DHAMIJA** *(Lahore, India, and Emmanuel), and* **J. N. WHARTON** *(Eton and Trinity); and (seated)* **P. D. EEMAN** *(Bembridge, I.O.W., and Trinity Hall),* **F. M. P. KNOTT** *(Oundle and Downing),* **G. T. M. ZARIFI** *(Lycée de Marseille and Selwyn; captain), and* **G. NICOLAIDIS** *(Greece and Pembroke).*

drab background. Once out of London, the sun condescended to shine, somewhat feebly it is true, but we were grateful even for this pale gleam, which brightened though it did not seem to give warmth to the atmosphere, so only a few of us strolled about Mr. Christie's lovely garden to admire the tulip and iris beds and the apple blossom. Still, once the music started, what cared we for these drawbacks? "Don Giovanni" had been admirably given last year, but it is an infinitely finer production this season. John Brownlee in the name-part is better than ever; he sings and acts superbly, and, moreover, he is lucky to look the part, and does not make one wish to close the eyes when he is on the stage in order that illusion should not be dispelled! Ina Souez, who took the very difficult part of Donna Anna, sang finely, especially in the second part of the opera; and Baccaloni's Leporello was a perfect joy. Two new-comers to the cast were Dino Borgioli, who sang delightfully in the part of Don Ottavio, and a new Zerlina, Marita Farell, who comes from Czechoslovakia, and who, I understand, took up the part at a very short notice.

Among the few people not in evening dress was Lady Elizabeth Paget, who wore a black two-piece. Lady Patricia Latham had a smart, crisp blue and white dress and a silver-fox cape, and came with Sir Paul Latham. Mrs. Christie, wife of the man to whom we owe this Glyndebourne opera, was in white, with a fox fur of the same colour. Mrs. Oliver Parker wore a white ermine coat over her black dress, and came with Mr. Anthony Asquith, and Mrs. Guy Larnach Nevill wore a mink coat over her light evening dress.

. . . . . .

The MARQUESS OF TITCHFIELD *and* LADY EDWARD HAY *were among the guests at the Heart of Empire Ball, in aid of the Dockland Settlements, held at the Dorchester.*

People who were "left over" in London from the Naval Review were drawn by the magnet-name of Somerset Maugham to the first night of "The Constant Wife." Filmstar Ruth Chatterton helped to draw them there. Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Paravicini — she the dramatist's only daughter — had a box with friends; she wore scarlet. Mr. Oliver Messel, the artist, was right in front of the stalls. It was the first time I had seen him since his return from his recent trip to New York with "The Country Wife," whose *décor* he did. Early next morning he left for the Spithead Review, so the first part of my paragraph doesn't quite hold water! The wit of Somerset Maugham drew other dramatists to the première; Miss Dodie Smith was there, and Miss G. B. Stern came with Lady Colefax. "G. B." was in blue, with an ivory cane from her rapidly growing collection.

COUNTESS PAUL MUNSTER *was a joint-chairman of the Heart of Empire Ball in aid of the Dockland Settlements. She is shown with* COUNT PAUL MUNSTER.

. . . . .

Tuesday nights at the opera have been consistently *chic* this season, and there was an excellent show of tiaras for the second performance of "Aïda," with Martinelli in the rôle of Radames, and Lawrence Tibbett, the American baritone, as Amonasro, a part which suits him to perfection, as not only does he sing with exceptional power and quality, but the straightforward, dramatic force of his acting is well suited to the part.

Lady Mansfield, who is always one of the most decorative women in the house on Tuesdays, wore no diamonds in her beautifully dressed hair—she has kept it long, and wears it in a plaited coronet above her classically handsome brow—and had a large bouquet of pæonies at one side of her rather "dead" pink dress, and a fine emerald necklace. Mrs. Garthwaite, daughter of Lord Duveen, was in white, with diamonds, and had Sir John Lavery in her party; and Mary Lady Howe, billowing with pale orchid mauve ostrich feathers, was as lovely as ever.

. . . .

Maestro Arturo Toscanini, over here to conduct the six B.B.C. concerts which caused the biggest rush for tickets ever known by the Queen's Hall authorities (the first is to-night, May 26), appeared in a new character last week, when he was "billed" to open the show of paintings by Count Emanuele Castelbarco, his son-in-law, at the Brook Street Gallery. He graced the gathering with his presence, but he refused to break his rule of "no public speaking." Miss Eva Turner also represented music—and the atmosphere was indeed quite operatic, a sensation increased by the arrival of that lively opera-fan Lady Oxford, with her daughter, Princess Antoine Bibesco, in maroon red.

Castelbarco is showing some charming pictures of Venice, Monaco, and the three Scandinavian capitals, besides good portraits of Kathleen Lady Drogheda, Mme. Vladimir Horowitz, Toscanini's other daughter, who came with him; and a fine one of Gregor Piatigorsky, the great 'cellist. Lady Drogheda, who has been painted by many artists, was at the Private View in an all-purple outfit, finished with a great purple hat *en suite*. MARIEGOLD.

OXFORD'S *lawn tennis side chosen to meet Cambridge last week on the Iffley Road courts included (l. to r.; standing)* MESSRS. R. C. RISELEY *(Clifton and Hertford),* R. PULBROOK *(Harrow and Magdalen),* L. E. KING *(Sydney, Australia, and New College), and* M. J. CONDON *(Clifton and Queen's); and (seated)* J. A. S. COLLINS *(Harrow and Christ Church),* J. D. ANDERSON *(Uppingham and Brasenose; captain) and* W. H. EARLE *(Rugby and Christ Church).*

DR. GRAHAM HODGSON *and* VISCOUNTESS LYMINGTON *were photographed at the Heart of Empire Ball in aid of the Dockland Settlements.*

LADIES OF HER MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD.

LADY NUNBURNHOLME, *wife of the third Baron, and daughter of the fifth Marquess of Bath, is a Lady of the Bedchamber.*

The HON. MRS. GEOFFREY BOWLBY, *who was appointed Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen in 1932, when her Majesty was Duchess of York, is a Woman of the Bedchamber. She is the youngest sister of Viscount Valentia.*

Left: VISCOUNTESS HAMBLEDEN, *wife of the third Viscount, and daughter of the fifteenth Earl of Pembroke, is a Lady of the Bedchamber.*

COUNTESS SPENCER, *wife of the seventh Earl Spencer, and daughter of the third Duke of Abercorn, is a Lady of the Bedchamber. This is a reproduction of Sir William Nicholson's portrait of her.*

LADY HELEN GRAHAM, *sister of the Duke of Montrose, is a Woman of the Bedchamber. In 1926 she was appointed a Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen, then Duchess of York.*

LADY HYDE *is a Woman of the Bedchamber. She is a daughter of the fourth Baron Wolverton, and is the widow of Lord Hyde.*

LADY KATHARINE SEYMOUR, *who was appointed an extra Woman of the Bedchamber to Queen Mary in 1930, is a Woman of the Bedchamber.*

VISCOUNTESS HALIFAX, C.I., *is a Lady of the Bedchamber. She is the wife of the third Viscount Halifax, Viceroy of India from 1926-1931, and is a daughter of the fourth Earl of Onslow.*

COUNTESS BEATTY—A STUDY IN GREY, ROSE, AND GOLD.

COUNTESS BEATTY, whose blonde beauty is well suited by the pale grey dress she wears, is the wife of the second Earl Beatty, son of the famous Admiral. She was Mrs. D. Power Sands and married Lord Beatty this year.

NATURAL COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH VIVEX PRINT BY MADAME YEVONDE.

SIXTY YEARS AGO.

FROM THE PICTURE, "EIGHTEEN SEVENTY-FIVE," BY ROBERT GREENHAM, R.B.A., R.O.I. EXHIBITED AT THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB EXHIBITION, 1936.

THE FLEET TRANSFORMED INTO A FAIRYLAND OF FIREWORKS.

The great CORONATION NAVAL REVIEW of the Fleet at Spithead, one of the most superb and moving spectacles ever witnessed, was concluded by the illumination of the Fleet and a display of fireworks whose beauty can only be called unearthly. The assembled Fleet was illuminated at 10 o'clock, every one of the ships being picked out in hundreds of thousands of electric lights. After a quarter of an hour this was succeeded by a black-out—every light was extinguished—but in a moment the beams of hundreds of searchlights, weaving to and fro with long pale fingers, brought the ships to view once more. A further interlude of darkness was followed by fireworks—rockets, flares, golden rain and, loveliest of all, a succession of rockets fired fanwise so that at one moment the whole sky was filled with brilliant red fire, then with white, and finally with blue.

The EARL OF LISBURNE brought his débutante daughter, LADY HONOR VAUGHAN, to see the Naval Review.

LADY MOUNT TEMPLE, MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL, and H.E. the AUSTRIAN MINISTER are here seen watching the illumination of the Fleet.

H.E. the JAPANESE AMBASSADOR and MME. YOSHIDA were among the distinguished guests who watched the Review.

The LORD MAYOR and LADY MAYORESS OF LONDON watching the Review with friends. The Lord Mayor, Sir George Broadbridge, was made a K.C.V.O. after the Guildhall lunch.

H.E. the TURKISH AMBASSADOR and MME. OKYAR attended the Review.

KING GEORGE VI. REVIEWS THE GREATEST CONCOURSE OF FIGHTING SHIPS EVER

LADY DIANA COOPER brought her ciné-kodak with her, and, while still ashore, made a picture. CAPTAIN DUFF COOPER, *Minister of War, is on the left.*

This shows H.M. *the* QUEEN, H.M. *the* KING, *and* H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH *walking to the bridge of the "Victoria and Albert" as she left Portsmouth for the Review.*

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL *watched the Review from the Admiralty yacht "Enchantress."*

H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH *asked questions of* LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN *(l.). Our group also includes* H.M. *the* KING *(background, talking to naval officers),* H.R.H. *the* DUKE OF KENT, *and* H.M. *the* QUEEN.

ASSEMBLED: THEIR MAJESTIES AT SPITHEAD; AND SOME DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.

BEARERS OF GREAT NAMES ROBED AND WITH THEIR CORONETS.

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, *Mistress of the Robes to Queen Mary, posed with her page, her grandson,* MICHAEL BAILLIE, *son of Lady Maud and the Hon. Evan Baillie.*

The MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA, *wife of*
holding her coronet. She is the eldest d

THIS trio of beautiful portrait-studies shows some
robes for the Coronation Service of T.M. King
Haddington, M.C., bore the Ivory Rod with the Dove
Abbey. His coronet was carried by his page, Desmond
larly lovely high tiara, is Canadian-born. She was Mi
Cook, of Montreal. Her sister is the Countess of Min
the Robes to Queen Mary, attended her in the Abb
coronet carried h

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPEAIGHT

CORONATION OFFICIALS AND PAGES AND LOVELY PEERESSES.

the fourth Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, posed daughter of the Hon. Ernest Guinness.

bearers of great names in the splendour of their George VI. and Queen Elizabeth. The Earl of ve in the procession of the Queen's Regalia in the nd O'Brien. Lady Haddington, who wore a particu- Miss Sarah Cook and is a daughter of Mr. G. W. into.——The Duchess of Devonshire, as Mistress of bbey and walked in her Majesty's procession, her by her page.

NT AND, BY LENARE.

The EARL *and* COUNTESS OF HADDINGTON *are posed with Lord Haddington's page, his nephew,* DESMOND O'BRIEN, *son of Lady Helen O'Brien.*

HERR LUDWIG WEBER, *the well-known bass, sings Hunding, Hagen, and Fasolt in the "Ring." He is seen in the last-named rôle.*

HERR FRANZ VÖLKER, *who appeared here two years ago in "Schwanda" and "Fidelio," is a new Siegmund for London.*

MME. MARGARETE KLOSE, *of the Berlin State Opera House, is singing Fricka and Waltraute in the "Ring" at Covent Garden.*

MME. MARIA MÜLLER, *who gave a beautiful performance as Sieglinde last week, is a leading singer of the Berlin State Opera House.*

REHEARSAL SKETCHES OF WAGNERIAN SINGERS OF COVENT GARDEN.

These sketches of four leading Wagnerian singers who are appearing at Covent Garden this season were made at rehearsals by the well-known German artist KNOTH, who is in London at the invitation of Sir Thomas Beecham.

FROM THE SKETCH BY KNOTH.

LAWRENCE TIBBETT — U.S.A. OPERATIC, STAGE, AND SCREEN STAR.

MR. LAWRENCE TIBBETT *is the American operatic baritone who made his Covent Garden début this season as Scarpia in "La Tosca." He was next seen as Amonasro in "Aïda." Further, he is to sing Iago in "Otello" and create the title-rôle in "Don Juan de Mañara," Goossens' new opera. He began his artistic career on the concert stage in Los Angeles; served in the U.S. Navy in the war; and subsequently toured with Tyrone Power in Shakespearean repertory. He made his first appearance in grand opera at the Hollywood Bowl in 1923, and in the same year he made his operatic début at the Metropolitan, New York. He began his film career in 1930.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFREDO VALENTE.

"LOST HORIZON" HERO—
RONALD COLMAN.

This splendid piece of portraiture shows RONALD COLMAN *as Robert Conway, the hero of the Columbia film version of James Hilton's best-seller novel,* "LOST HORIZON," *which is drawing big houses to the Tivoli.*

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ALICE MARBLE— U.S.A. WOMAN CHAMPION AND WIMBLEDONIAN.

MISS ALICE MARBLE, the new Lady Champion of the United States, made her first appearance in this country at the Surrey Championships at Surbiton, the opening grass tournament of the year. She collapsed during a match against France in Paris some few years ago, and was out of the game for so long that her victory over Miss Helen Jacobs (by that time Wimbledon Champion) at Forest Hills last autumn was a sensational affair. Now she has come over to this country in order to compete at Wimbledon, and is to acclimatise herself to our conditions by playing in several English tournaments before taking a week of serious practice before the opening of Wimbledon. Miss Marble is most attractive to watch. She has a service which is more masculine in style than feminine, and if her first fast ball is a fault, she puts a cut on her second. The smash is her favourite stroke. She played in a women's exhibition match, partnered with Miss Margot Lumb, against Miss James and Miss Nuthall before the opening of the Surbiton tournament, and won 7—5, 7—5. She was victorious in her first singles match in this country, never losing a game.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

WHEN we first meet Mr. Milne's Mr. Bendish—who is the central figure of Mr. Milne's "SARAH SIMPLE," at the Garrick—he, Mr. Bendish, a serious gentleman approaching middle age, is kissing gravely, persistently, but without conviction, the spritely widow of one of England's Higher Clergy. His wife had left him to become a New York milliner under the name of Sarah Simple, and that was not altogether surprising: for he seemed on the quiet side and she was obviously lively and one to appreciate a brisker tempo of existence than was to be found in Mr. Bendish's cottage in Kent. The cottage was spacious, comfortable, and well-appointed; a house-agent could have spilled his most choice epithets all over it. But it may have been a bit dull; and Sarah was born to be—at least, in moderation—gay.

However, there were limits to the pleasures and prosperity of "millining" in Manhattan. Kent called, Mr. Bendish called unconsciously, and back came Sarah. Her Mr. Bendish, thus constrained to take the historic advice to "beware of widders," pulled up short on the edge of committing himself to the canon's relict. The play is a pleasant duel between the two ladies over the body of an estimable but unexciting gentleman who was lucky, I think, to be so desired of any, and more than lucky to be the choice of two. There is a very amusing interlude in which Mr. Bendish, in order to get his long-delayed divorce, disguises himself and goes off with his own wife in order to provide "the grounds" in the most innocent manner possible. Thus to deceive the King's Proctor would surely gratify the Recording Angel.

It is all full of "lacy ally and easy pleasantry," as Mr. Yellowplush used to say. Mr. Milne trifles delicately, is tactful in provision of good lines, spins without passion a plot in which you need not believe and, in the margin, justly mocks precocious youth. Miss Leonora Corbett makes a delightful figure of Sarah. Mr. Arthur Whatmore agreeably "bumbles along," as they say of a successfully topped golf ball, as Bendish. Mr. Frederick Piper is the kind of countryside waiter who makes one alive to the full meaning of the word "hang-dog"; while Miss Agnes Lauchlan makes one no less alive to the full meaning of the word "arch." Here is a typical contribution to Plays Pleasant.

Dr. Noel Scott's "AND THE MUSIC STOPPED," at the New, is also representative of its class, which I would call Plays Puzzling. It used to be said that "four boards and a passion" make a play; now it is four innocents and a corpse. Of course, one of the innocents cannot be as innocent as all that. All the characters on the stage at the New seem so guiltless that you begin to feel that only the invisible stage manager or the electrician could have "bumped off" James Caraval. James certainly asked for a very big bump: the conduct of his life had been "werry fierce," and he then asked to supper in that abode of vice, his flat in Chelsea, a number of people who had every reason for joining in a bumping-off race. But how could they have "done him in"? How could anyone have got at him in the little room to which he had retired? How, indeed? Well, the dramatist has plenty of ideas for keeping the mystification alive. They are not convincing ideas; he misleads us rather wantonly and all the business about the music has not much to do with the case. However, Mr. Bernard Lee, playing the detective's part with an admirably light touch, explains all in due course. I guarantee that you will be kept guessing; whether fairly and reasonably is another matter. But if to be in doubt is your state of theatrical bliss, here is doubt by the ton, gallon, lashing, or whatever measure you prefer.

Molnar's "THE GOOD FAIRY," at the Royalty, may not be everybody's play. But I enjoyed it immensely. The flavour is tart. The touch is fresh. Conceive a seemingly shameless young woman who suddenly takes it on herself to Do Good. One of her good deeds is to fob off on a rich capitalist, whom she is "playing," as anglers play a salmon, a penniless lawyer whom she alleges to be her husband. This means work and wealth for the little lawyer—or should mean, for there are slips on the way and the Good Fairy is caught at a Bad Moment. First everything goes wrong: then everything goes right; it must, for this is a fairy-tale. The apparent disaster is remedied by an epilogue in the best Hans Andersen manner. And so they lived happy—or fairly happy—ever after. Modernised fairy-tales are not, as a rule, my cup of tea: there is usually too much sugar in the brew. But this one has so nice a combination of wit and fancy that I surrendered to its whimsical quality with pleasure, and hope that Miss Diana Beaumont and her colleagues will accomplish a task hitherto inexplicably unachieved, that of commending Molnar, who is so triumphant a dramatist in Europe and America, to English audiences. I could wish that the play was a little larger and that the dramatist had made more of his fable. One has a slight feeling of emptiness when the meal stops. But what there was, as Mr. George Robey used to sing, was good. Still better, it was different.

Mr. Henry Oscar is charmingly wistful as the down-at-heels lawyer whom the Good Fairy suddenly befriends and tries to raise to golden glory. Mr. Garry Marsh, as the Good Fairy's kind friend, saves that gentleman from being a sensual ogre, which, with bad casting or performance of the part, he might easily and disagreeably become. The piece skirts the unpleasant, but remains skilfully in the list of Plays Pleasant.

This is a rough impression of the play "AND THE MUSIC STOPPED," at the New Theatre. The drawing shows the interior of James Caraval's flat in Chelsea, which is crowded with objets d'art, objets de lecture, *and—not least—*objets de buvage! *Behind the door marked X a brutal murder, attended by much bloodshed, took place. We have introduced the blood (XX) for reasons of artistic verisimilitude. There are also seen the piano on which the music stopped, and on the piano the hat of Inspector David Kinneir (Bernard Lee). High on the right is the roof-light which proves such a disappointment, while on the left (marked by an arrow) can be seen the shadow of that sinister person James Caraval (EDMUND WILLARD), James's half-witted brother.*

MARLENE OF "ANGEL" IN A SEQUIN "HELMET."

MARLENE DIETRICH *wears this unusual and amusing hat, which resembles a helmet made of sequins, in her latest film "Angel," in which she stars with Herbert Marshall, Melvyn Douglas, Edward Everett Horton, and others. It is a Paramount picture now nearing completion.*

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

It is not, perhaps, to be wondered at that "DER AMMENKOENIG," based on Max Dreyer's ironic comedy "The Valley of Life," and now presented by special permission of the London County Council at Studio One, should have been refused a licence for general exhibition. For this eighteenth-century German satire is woven with considerable audacity around the villagers of Neubronn, who, labouring under an unjust marriage tax, became a matrimonial law unto themselves and made most practical use of the fabulous "well of fertility," discreetly hidden in the heart of the forest. How the tax comes to be repealed, the ducal landlord duly supplied with a much-desired heir, and the "village of the nurses" left to enjoy the sovereignty of their blacksmith "king" rounds off one of those fantastic comedy-fables which can only be successfully played against period backgrounds and in satiric vein. Bubbling like its own spring with *joie de vivre*, picturesquely staged, and acted with infectious zest and a not-too-frustrating hand upon the reins of naughtiness by an admirable company, its mood will probably be captured best by those who, able to follow the German text, can dispense with the English captions.

PADEREWSKI, *the world-famous pianist, is here seen in one of the sequences of his first film,* "MOONLIGHT SONATA," *a Pall Mall production, which has just had its premier presentation at the London Pavilion.*

It is a far cry from the sharp-edged, romantic satire of "The Love Parade"—which first brought the silver challenge of Jeanette Macdonald's voice to the ears of English audiences—to the glamorous sentiment, the gentle pathos, the sepia-tinting with its sheen of mother-of-pearl of "MAYTIME" (Carlton). But it is the same voice, with its always arresting suggestion of something young and dauntless, that lends clarity and point to this nostalgic story of a prima donna who met and loved an irresponsible student in Paris, married the impresario who had "made" her, and found the lover of her long-past youth again, only for him to be shot by her not unnaturally jealous husband. For those to whom the singing of Jeanette Macdonald—and I imagine their number is not small—represents something very well worth while, as well as for those whose interest in her as an actress will undoubtedly be stimulated by this latest picture, "Maytime" is an eminently satisfactory entertainment. It has charm and dignity, a well-accented rhythm, and a lightness of touch that infuses new life into many of its photographic and dramatic conventions. Added to these there is the robust musical agility of Nelson Eddy, a manly, personable hero for whom Fate might well have cherished less drastic intentions, and the quiet effectiveness of John Barrymore in a part that he handles with admirable restraint.

Here are PADEREWSKI *and* MARIE TEMPEST, *who is one of the new Dames of the British Empire in the Coronation Honours' List, in a scene from their film* "MOONLIGHT SONATA," *at the London Pavilion. The other members of the cast in our still are (l. to r.)* ERIC PORTMAN, QUEENIE LEONARD, *and* LAWRENCE HANRAY.

One cannot help feeling a very real regret that the first film "starring" the great pianist Ignace Jan Paderewski was not built up on firmer foundations than those of "MOONLIGHT SONATA," now showing at the London Pavilion. For though the picture gives us something over half an hour of the master's playing—a feast of coloured sound that throws the intangibilities and incredulities of the underlying story into vivid relief—the music is a glorious compensation for, rather than an integral part of, the rest. But there is, too, the characteristic, delicate finesse, vigour, and charm of Marie Tempest to make us hope that it may not be long before the screen claims her again for our delight.

The "plot" complications of the latest Astaire—Rogers picture, "SHALL WE DANCE?", at the Regal, are considerable. But since they give Edward Everett Horton and Eric Blore plenty of opportunities to exploit their individual specialities in humour, they are all to the good. And the result, with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers stepping it and tapping it—and, moreover, skating it—as only they can, is a medley of laughter and Terpsichorean pattern, of glittering stage-craft and up-to-the-minute harmonies, that whirls from the engine-room of a luxury liner, in which even the shadows of the rotating, pulsing, swinging machinery are enlisted as the members of a *corps de ballet*, to a theatre on the roof of a New York skyscraper. The pace is breath-taking; so, too, are some of the dances, which range from solo to duet and ballet—the last with Ginger Rogers bewilderingly multiplied by the masked dancers and Fred Astaire deliriously seeking his true partner among her counterfeits. The high-light—on the athletic side, at any rate—is a roller-skate dancing sequence, in the course of which the two stars are said to have covered several hundreds of miles of ground.

"WINGS OF THE MORNING" (New Gallery), the first full-length British picture to be made all in Technicolor, has been cleverly adapted from stories by Donn Byrne not only to suit the personalities of its stars, but also to give splendid scope to the colour-filming of its rural Irish backgrounds, with the Epsom course on Derby Day for a climax as exciting pictorially as it is in action. The plot concerns the daughter of a gypsy king with whom the Irish Earl of Clontarf falls in love. After a few months of marriage he is killed hunting and the widowed Countess goes back to her gypsy home. Nearly fifty years later she, now an old woman and the possessor of Wings of the Morning, which she hopes will win the Derby and a dowry for her great-granddaughter, returns to Ireland, where she is joined by the latter, who has escaped from revolutionary Spain. The rest traces the development of a pleasant romance between this gypsy Princess, Annabella—beautifully photographed, entrancing in her coloured gowns, and attractive in her alternating gaiety and gravity—and Henry Fonda, as a young Canadian trainer. We have, too, a brief interlude with John McCormack, singing Irish ballads, and the picture is also enriched by the performances of Leslie Banks Irene Vanbrugh and Helen Haye; while Steve Donoghue makes a thrilling appearance.

Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page XVIII.

TO MARRY ON JUNE 3: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF WINDSOR AND MRS. WALLIS WARFIELD.

The official statement as to the date of the marriage of H.R.H. THE DUKE OF WINDSOR *to* MRS. WALLIS WARFIELD *was made last week at the Château de Candé, near Monts. The text of the announcement, which was read by Mr. Herman Rogers to representatives of the Press, was: "His Royal Highness the Duke of Windsor announces that his marriage to Mrs. Wallis Warfield, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Teakle Wallis Warfield, of Maryland (U.S.A.), will take place at the Château de Candé, Monts, on Thursday, June 3. Invitations to the wedding of the Duke of Windsor and Mrs. Warfield will be confined to those who have been with them during the past months. There will be no members of the Royal Family present." The marriage will be conducted according to French law by Dr. Mercier, the Mayor of Monts. Mrs. Wallis Warfield, formerly Mrs. Simpson, recently resumed her maiden name by deed-poll.*

ALL SET FOR A BRILLIANT ASCOT

JOHN EVERARD

NOBODY can ever describe an Alix gown, it is so intricately beautiful, but in the picture above you can see one of her models that would be ideal for Ascot.

It comes from Tilly Whim, of 42, Baker Street, W., in whose charming pale grey salon you can find original models straight from Paris at unbelievably low prices. Evening dresses and day suits both range from 7 guineas, and they have the unmistakable cachet of famous French houses.

FOR the girl who is still in her teens, a charmingly fresh-looking organdie frock from Woolland Bros., of Knightsbridge, S.W. Over the skirt are strewn appliquéd flowers of royal blue lace, and the bertha collar is finished with two roses, one of organdie and one of lace.

It is one of the many delightful dresses in the Model Gown Department, where they are specialising, with great success, in clothes for the very young. The hat is composed of layers of tulle stitched together, with cornflower buds flat on the brim.

The Sketch Diary of Fashion

EDITED BY

OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

JOHN EVERARD

ORGANZA drifting like a mist-blue cloud, and patterned with fleecy white flowers. The enchanting line of the billowing skirt is off-set by the demure neck, with its small turned-down collar and bunch of piqué flowers, while the full-topped sleeves accent the Empire waistline. It costs 11½ guineas, and comes from the Model Gown Department at Dickins and Jones, of Regent Street, W.

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THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER.

FOR cocktail-parties, for matinées, when you go out to tea—whenever, in fact, you want to look particularly charming, wear a dress like the one above, in black "Celanese" satin, draped over the bosom and very slender about the hips. It is worn with a pill-box hat by Albouy, bedecked with small white birds, one of which has alighted on the wrist of her glove.

HERE is a coat in which to cut a dash. It is made in "Celanese" shark-skin, and is worn over a dress of chocolate brown satin. The box-shaped hat, also in shark-skin, is by Nina Batchelor. It is fabric every time that counts, and you will be delighted if, before you get any more clothes, you carefully study the summer range of "Celanese" materials.

IT would be difficult to find anything better-looking or more practical than their new Sports Crêpe, which is woven with a rough surface, is made in marvellous colours, and costs only 3s. 11d. a yard; while for tailored dresses or summer suits their Plage Crêpe, at 5s. 11d. a yard, is a certain winner. They also have some gay Play Suit Print Jerzés which cost 2s. 11d., and are 48 inches wide.

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Unfortunately our language provides no translation for this highest of praise. It means the result of scrupulous attention to detail, but stockings are infinitely more than a detail. They make or mar the whole effect. Bear Brand are right, always right, and 3/11 (or up the scale to 8/11) is very little to pay for the perfect finish all women desire.
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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

MISS JARRETT calls her new story a "romance," and claims for it the special privileges and immunities of its *genre*. Nathaniel Hawthorne laid these down, in the memorable passage from the preface to "The House of the Seven Gables" which Miss Jarrett quotes in justification of her experiment. The novel, Hawthorne says—

"is presumed to aim at a very minute fidelity, not merely to the possible, but to the probable and ordinary course of man's experience." [The romance], "while as a work of art it must rigidly subject itself to laws, and while it sins unpardonably so far as it may swerve aside from the truth of the human heart, has fairly a right to present that truth under circumstances, to a great extent, of the writer's own choosing or creation."

If this is a fair definition, one cannot adversely criticise a romance on the grounds of its non-compliance with physical laws. Indeed, some interference with them would seem to be demanded of the author, to prove that he *is* romantic: at some point in his story the apple must leave the ground and float gracefully upwards to rejoin its parent tree. At the same time, he must not be unduly or wantonly prolific in miracles. He must recognise the rule of law in the inanimate world, otherwise his departures from it will be without effect. If one apple defies the law of gravity, well and good; but if all the windfalls in the orchard disobey it too, then we lose the sense of strangeness. Romance allows the artist to choose his circumstances, but in giving him this licence it puts a heavy strain on his imagination, a far heavier strain than falls to the share of the author whose art is based on representation or imitation. For the latter has his object always before him and satisfies us by making a good likeness; while the former must satisfy a far more exacting and elusive standard—that indefinable, but very recognisable, standard of appropriateness that prevails in the sphere of ideas and images which have no exact counterparts, but only symbols, in the material world.

Black and White Magic. Of course, Hawthorne's definition of romance is a narrow and partial one, prompted and conditioned by the age in which he lived and the peculiar demands of his own art. He was justifying his own use of the supernatural—a use that was in the highest degree delicate and subtle, but that did demand from his reader an acquiescence in the suspension of physical laws. To have its full effect, the Scarlet Letter cannot be regarded as a mere symbol: it must be credited with a life of its own, with properties almost magical. But Hardy, for instance, achieved romance in "The Woodlanders" by methods much less arbitrary, by simply dissociating what was essential in his characters not from their terrestrial environment—in no novel is environment more insisted upon—but from all the attributes of environment which obstruct one's view of the characters. Wishing to isolate them from all that is temporal and ephemeral, he surrounded them with a wood—a wood without fairies or witches and undefended by an angel with a flaming sword, but which none the less keeps realism at bay.

"Strange Houses." Miss Jarrett, however, is concerned with a type of experience which, though presented in a scientific form, would not, I imagine, command the credulity of scientists, so she claims every liberty Romance can give her. That does not mean she takes no trouble to make her story plausible. If a nerve-doctor could perform the miracle attributed to Dr. Cutler, this, one feels, is how he would do it. He would put the two women into a hypnotic trance and then . . . But all this comes out later in the story; the situation which confronts us at the start is that Mrs. Rodney Breen has somehow lost her proper envelope of flesh and is now wearing the body of an actress more than twenty years her junior; while Dolly Malone, similarly dispossessed, is wearing Mrs. Breen's: and neither of them is grateful for the change. Why it was made remains to some extent obscure till the end; Dr. Cutler could have explained, but he was dead, and his secret seemed to have died with him. Meanwhile, Mrs. Breen's agonised husband (but was he really agonised by the idea of having securêd, as it were, a choice of wives?) implores Dr. Hemingway and his assistant to give him back at least one of them; and a handful of very intelligent people, racked by love, anxiety, and mutual suspicion, follow the progress of the "cure." The first climax, in which the four white powders play such a dramatic part, is much what the reader might expect; the second, with its strange clue of the slashed right wrist, is utterly unexpected. "Strange Houses" is an immensely clever book, worked out by a series of lesser and greater revelations. And one of its cleverest features is that Miss Jarrett rarely uses her "romancer's licence" for happenings about which she is explicit; she calls in the supernatural to fill up the gaps—a far better plan, since it stimulates the imagination and does not offend the reason.

One of the five new Barons in the Coronation Honours List is MR. JULIUS SALTER ELIAS, chairman and managing director of Odhams Press, Ltd. He is one of the most important personalities in the newspaper world and is in control of a large number of publications. He is Trustee of the Printers' Pension, Almshouse and Orphan Asylum Corporation, President of the Hornsey Central Hospital, and President of the London School of Printing and Kindred Trades, etc. It is estimated that the number of employees in organisations under his control is over 13,000.

"Phineas Kahn." Mr. Simon Blumenfeld brings us back to actuality, a very disagreeable and uncomfortable actuality, whether the scene is Russia, Vienna, New York, or the East End of London. These were the principal stopping-places

[Continued overleaf.

I.8.

remember
that visit
to your old headmistress
and how
you felt
like a "little girl"
once again? . . .

remember
how
that feeling
went
immediately
you lit
your first cigarettes? . . .

remember
how
you *then*
realised
what
a blessing
a cigarette
is
on such occasions?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

Continued.]

in Phineas Kahn's pilgrimage. His chief concern, once he had escaped the remainder of his military service in Russia, was for his family: a family that grew and grew and soon reached double figures. He supported it in a number of ways: in New York as a sandwichman; in London by making cloth caps and collecting rags for a rag merchant—and he found many other occupations, most of them underpaid, if not actually sweated.

SIGNOR TOSCANINI, *the famous conductor, whose six concerts at the Queen's Hall with the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra are one of the outstanding musical events of the season, opened the exhibition of paintings by his son-in-law,* COUNT EMANUELE CASTELBARCO, *at the Brook Street Galleries. The Maestro is seen (centre) with the* COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH, *the artist,* COUNT CASTELBARCO, *and* COUNTESS CASTELBARCO. *Although he was described as "opening the exhibition," Signor Toscanini did not make a speech. His first concert is to-night, May 26, and the others are fixed for May 28, June 2, June 4, June 14, and June 16.*

Like most of his fellow-Jews (at least, as they are represented in this novel), he was intensely emotional; his hopes soared upwards and were as easily dashed. The author shares his alternating moods, and expresses them with picturesqueness—

> Again, just when Phineas's star was brightest, it hurtled from the sky like a flaming meteor into the stillness and darkness of everlasting night. He wandered about like a moody ghost for several days, seemingly cut off from life. . . .

Defeatism. Phineas had plenty to complain of in his lot. Retiring and pacific by nature, he was everywhere a butt for bullies, and he had no idea of fighting back. His greatest sorrow was reserved for the end of his life—or, rather, for the end of his story, as far as Mr. Blumenfeld tells it. Michael, one of the most promising of his children (they nearly all had talent, though Felix's was only for physical culture), contracted consumption, and in despair hastened his end by taking poison. It was a double tragedy, for the deadly dose was given him by his wife, after she had drunk out of the same cup. The author is inclined to blame the social order for this calamity, but to me it seems an expression symptomatic of contemporary defeatism. Even Phineas, with all his powers of emotional recuperation, showed little stamina in the face of set-backs; his sensitiveness was always raw and reacted violently to a trifling unpleasantness such as a bad smell. One admires and likes him, but, in common with many of the other characters in this book, he had more temperament than personality; he is a thermometer to register joy and sorrow, triumph and defeat. Mr. Blumenfeld tells his story racily and well, but with a touch of emotional facility that prevents it being ever really moving.

"Lodgers in Sweden." Mr. and Mrs. Romilly John had—

> always had a hankering after Scandinavia; we even suspected it of being our spiritual home. The only question was, which part of Scandinavia should it be — Denmark, Norway, or Sweden?

They decided on Sweden, perhaps because its cooking was said to be second only to the French, and started off from the Isle of Dogs in a Swedish cargo-boat.

They make admirable travelling companions, both for each other and the reader. Wishing to do their six months' trip as inexpensively as possible, they decided not to move from place to place more than they could help and to stay in lodgings rather than in hotels. They made plenty of expeditions, but they changed their headquarters as seldom as possible. They began with a room in Stockholm, went from there to a lakeside farmhouse in a forest in mid-Sweden, and finished up at a small seaside resort in the Western Skerries. Thus their tour was always "personally conducted," but conducted by themselves; no travel agency intervened between them and the rawest contacts with the people of Sweden. These contacts they welcomed, especially Mrs. John, who rapidly acquired enough Swedish to make conversation practicable and profitable. Indeed, one of the chief delights of "Lodgers in Sweden" is its unfailing supply of small encounters — all of which are reported with an unusual accuracy of verbal memory that leaves the bloom still on them. Another very agreeable and perhaps rarer feature of the book is the fondness of the authors for general reflections. They do not observe simply with the surface of their minds, they let their observations sink in, to return enriched by wider applications—

> The æsthetic attractions of the sea have been overdone, perhaps, but certainly life on its edge is accented. The meeting of land and water remains, to the last, an event of magnitude.

Sun-Bathing. Very true and very well put. The writers are not content with crystallising their own impressions in a phrase; they study the lost art of quotation and use it with effect. Writing of sun-bathing, they remark—

> To sit in the midst of a lot of people conscientiously oiling and tanning themselves is to lose one's power of taking the human character very seriously — just as Wordsworth observed that he could not be much affected by the mental anguish of a man who powdered his hair.

I agree, and am glad, too, to be told what Wordsworth said, though surely he was

[Continued on page xviii.

"SELF-PORTRAIT" *is the title of this amusing picture of a man's dinner jacket, shirt, black tie, trousers, and shoes by* COUNT EMANUELE CASTELBARCO, *the artist son-in-law of Signor Toscanini, the famous conductor, whose exhibition has just opened at the Brook Street Galleries.*

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Gordon's

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FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

It seems strange that while this country has never beaten the United States in the Walker Cup match, only four American players—or, for that matter, any other overseas entrants—have won the Amateur Championship. This thought occurs after looking through the draw for the Championship, which, when this appears, will have been in progress for three days. But, as I write, the competitors are busy with their final preparations at Sandwich. In my opinion the Royal St. George's course provides an ideal test for potential amateur champions. It is neither too long nor too short; almost every hole has its distinctive problem, and there is hardly a shot that does not call for courage as well as thought. In short, the Royal St. George's links demand all the qualities which a champion golfer should command, and therefore, even taking into consideration the element of fortune which may enter into eighteen-holes matches, the best golfer should win.

SIR WILLIAM *and* LADY GARTHWAITE *are here studying the golf time sheet at the first tee at Le Touquet.*

A Golfing Maestro.

Basing my opinion upon his achievements in this country and in his own, A. D. Locke, the eighteen-years-old Open and Amateur Champion of South Africa, appears to be numbered among the best golfers in the field. He has had sufficient time to settle down in England, and before the Championship began, was playing well enough to win. It may be that by the time this appears Locke will have no further interest in the Championship, but if so, I shall be among the many who will be surprised. In spite of the fact that in South Africa Locke is not afforded the same opportunities of developing his game, because there he is in a class alone among amateurs, he has proved on every possible occasion that he can produce masterly golf. I think Alfred Padgham, our Open Champion, whom he beat handsomely in the Transvaal Open Championship, will bear testimony on that point. There is even a possibility that Locke will emulate the greatest feat in golf by winning the Open and Amateur Championships of his native country and of Britain. He holds two of the four titles, and may at the end of this week hold three. He is certainly the strongest of the overseas challengers, who are numerous in the field. With the exception of his three companions from South Africa, Clarence Orlander, Frank Agg, and Otway Hayes, the other overseas entrants are not well known in international golf, but, of course, there may be a surprise waiting for someone among the United States dozen or so representatives.

Is it Worth While?

Understanding golfers will sympathise with Hector Thomson in his great disappointment in being unable to defend his Amateur Championship title. Thomson had been preparing thoroughly—apparently too thoroughly—for this Championship, and has broken down under the strain. Those who have never played in championships may wonder that golf can work such havoc with nerves. In the ordinary way, golf is a restful, leisurely exercise; in fact, it is the chief healthful relaxation of millions of men and women. But there is all the difference between a week-end game, even though the matches may be keen, and play in a championship. You appreciate the difference there is about playing your ordinary matches and taking part in the club knock-out tournament. You may not mind very much whether you win or lose, but invariably you find it extremely difficult to play up to form on these occasions. Something of the same sort happens in national championships, and, as I have written before in these pages, I am surprised that there are so many amateur golfers who are prepared to undergo the mental anguish and physical strain for the transitory honour of being Amateur Champion. It is different in professional golf; the players reap rich rewards, and they have greater opportunities of training for the big events, but even so, one can observe here and there the effect of the strain of big occasions in professional golf.

Golf for Pleasure.

When some years ago it was suggested that the Amateur Championship should be a more leisurely affair—a stroke qualifying competition and then thirty-six-holes matches—there was an outcry against such an innovation. "Competitors in the Amateur Championship play for the fun of the game," said those who opposed any change. I still wonder, do they? There certainly is no possibility of financial gain for the winner; there is a certain amount of fame, of course; but it cannot be capitalised. So it must be assumed that the competitors do play for "fun." Personally, it will take a lot to convince me that there is fun in a week's golf which leaves one a nervous and physical wreck. I recall how Bobby Jones, showing his mother a championship trophy he had just won, heard her say, looking at his tired, drawn features: "If that is what golf does for you, I never wish to see you win another championship"—and Bobby Jones was a master player. I can remember how Jesse Sweetser, a powerful young undergraduate from the United States, returned home on a stretcher, and spent a long time in hospital as a result of the strain in winning the British title. I can see, in my mind's eye, Dr. William Tweddell, another champion, on the verge of collapse; and it is easy to remember the trials of Leonard Crawley, who almost forgot how to strike the ball in the final of the English Championship a few weeks ago. I do not regard this as "fun." The Open Championship and professional events should be testing to the last degree, but if it were possible to restrict the field in the Amateur, so that the Championship could be carried through in comfort in five days at the most, it would make it more enjoyable for the competitors.

LADY RENWICK *was one of the decorative golfers who went to Le Touquet for the Whitsuntide week-end.*

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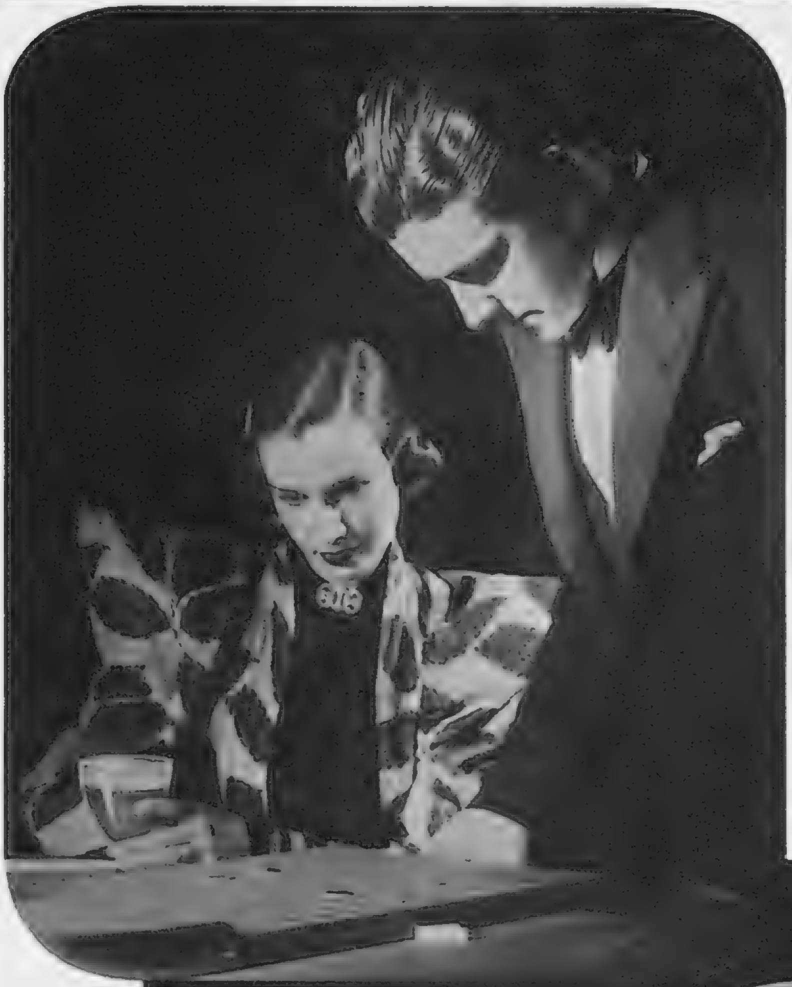
An Old English Custom



When playing the ancient and honourable game of Shove-ha'penny (our ancestors played 'Shove-groat' in the days of Henry VIII) the traditional procedure is to have by one a glass of Whitbread's Pale Ale — always in perfect condition and delightfully refreshing. You can't help "shoving a pretty coin" with an encouraging glass of Whitbread's beside you.

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I.P.S.

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"WHAT becomes of all the wood and the steel that were used in putting up the Coronation stands? That's what I would like to know. Can anyone tell me?" The Broker looked round for enlightenment.

"I understand," The Engineer replied, "that a good lot of it is hired from the firms who always carry a large stock for their ordinary business purposes. I assume it went back again after the stands were dismantled."

"Pity," The Merchant commented. "I could have done with some of the wood to make a greenhouse—being by way of an amateur carpenter myself."

"It looks to me," remarked The City Editor, "as though the building boom had reached its peak and——"

"Well, you can see how cement shares have come unstuck, and bricks have come down. Other people are the same way of thinking as yourself, that's quite evident."

"Inasmuch——"

"Sounds like the *nom de plume* of the anonymous subscriber of ten bob to the local hospital."

"In so much, then, as the fall in Cements is no greater than that in many other Industrials—relatively, I mean—I don't see that your line of argument is much to go by."

"Go by some other line if mine disagrees with you. The Cement group has suffered pretty badly——"

"So have the others."

"You can't say that about all of them. Iron and steel shares have kept up pretty well. The brewery market isn't bad. Shipping shares are not far distant from the best they touched. The tobacco market is very steady. And these are only a few of the markets that held their prices surprisingly well, it seems to me, in the slump."

"I've been telling you for years past that prices were too high," The Broker reminded them.

"Oh—yes," retorted The Jobber. "Telling us they were too high, but that they would go higher."

"As they did."

"Brokie, there are moments when I would love to stamp on your face! Of all the irritating men on this earth——"

"Do you mind removing your shoes from mine? Thank you: that's more comfortable for us both, I feel sure. What is your particular ground for complaint this morning?"

"You boast of the way that prices went up after your pernicious tips, but you omit to say that you didn't tell us when to get out. If I had only——"

"We all say that. 'If I had only got out at the top, how very much better off I should be now.' That's the idea, isn't it?"

"I could have made——"

"So could we all. But we didn't. What's the good of grousing about what we can't help? You can't go and assassinate the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It isn't the done thing."

"It's we who are the done things. Everybody is worse off by thousands of pounds——"

"Then I must be a bit of a minus quantity," The Jobber remarked.

"We have to rearrange our sense of values," said The City Editor. "On the fall in prices, we are the worse off as regards our capital: it doesn't necessarily affect our incomes."

"That remains to be seen. If the average company has to pay some rasping amount in N.D.C., its dividend may easily come down. Isn't that what we may now expect?"

Neither The Engineer nor The Merchant allowed this to go unchallenged. The City Editor hit the nail on the head when he declared that it is the uncertainty which makes people hesitate to buy Ordinary stocks and shares. "Debentures and Preferences are all right," he maintained. "You do know where you stand with them."

"But don't you think we are making too much fuss about this tax? When we come to close grips with it——"

"I can already feel the icy blast," The Jobber said, with what was intended to be a shiver. "Not that it has affected the mining markets to any extent——"

"They've been flat enough, in all conscience. And for the life of me I can't altogether see why."

"Roosevelt and Rumour," explained The Broker. "Rumours of a fall in gold on the one hand; Roosevelt, with his campaign against high prices, on the other. What more can any self-respecting bears want?"

"Are there any?" The City Editor asked; proceeding, without stop for a reply, to criticise those people who had talked prices higher and ever higher at the time when everybody knew, he said that those prices had already gone above the line of safety.

"I like that!" exclaimed The Jobber. "Why, it was your own pals in the newspapers who kept on saying 'Buy this,' or 'Buy the other, and you are almost sure to make a profit.' Now you turn right round and reproach your tribe for having been over-bullish."

"We never can see when a rise, or a fall, has gone far enough," interposed The Engineer pacifically. "This gold-funk is being carried to extremes, just as the previous enthusiasm went too recklessly in the other direction."

"Then we should find a happy medium in time?"

"Would you say that the Stock Exchange is a likely place in which to find a happy medium?"

"Can't say I've ever met him there. Unless, of course, he was disguised as something else and I didn't recognise the blighter."

"Coarseness is always to be deprecated. I've mentioned that on several former occasions," The Broker protested. "You talk about this gold-funk, and I agree that people have got genuinely nervous over the price of gold. Too nervous, in my opinion."

"You wouldn't let them sell gold shares?"

"I would rather see them buy the best ones. Springs Mines, say. You get good dividends: long enough life: pretty free market, and the price has fallen in sympathy with other things, not because there's anything wrong with the company."

"You might say that some of the aircraft shares have given way for the same sort of reason. Just sympathy with other markets."

"Plus sales for people who have had to raise money for meeting other liabilities."

"To see that," said The City Editor, "is perfectly easy."

"Perfectly journalesy, anyway. What is your favourite aircraft share, may I ask?"

The Broker considered for a moment.

"I like Hawker Siddeley and Bristols," said The Engineer. "And I suppose that's why I follow the prices more or less. They've come down a goodish bit from the top. Think they're all right, Brokie?"

"Not too bad: reasonably valued at to-day's prices. I've always been keen on Imperial Airways, you know. The shares look to me as good as any in the aircraft market. Sort of things you can put away into the old strong-box and leave them there for good and all."

"They will go better when markets become more normal," said The City Editor confidently. "The only doubt in my mind is when we may expect the Stock Exchange to become normal."

"I've never known it to be normal yet," observed The Jobber. "There's always something going on to ruffle the serenity of our markets. If it isn't one thing, it's another. More often than not, it's both."

"There's this N.D.C. business hanging over the markets at present. Don't you think we shall see things settle down as soon as we know how it's likely to work out? It's uncertainty that kills the Stock Exchange."

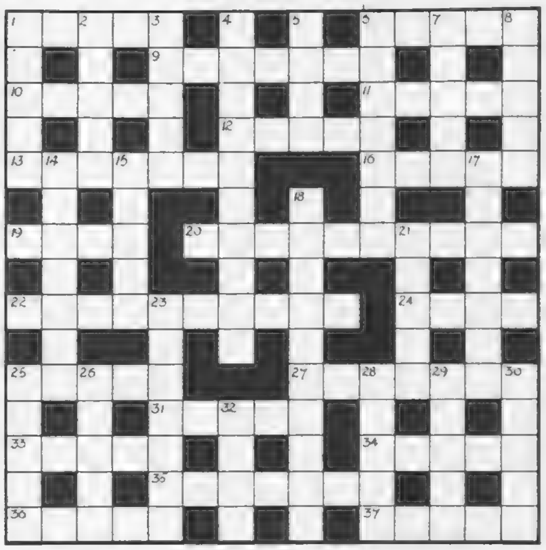
"We sing 'For those in peril on the S.E.'" said The Jobber. "Yes, you can laugh, but maybe it isn't so flippant as it sounds."

"Life itself," The City Editor quoted, "is just one thing after another. And that reminds me——"

"Ah, and me too," said The Jobber. "I was just thinking the same thing. The first Wednesday in June: one thing after another: Epsom Downs. Oh, boy! Do tell me, what's going to win the Derby?"

Friday, May 21, 1937.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

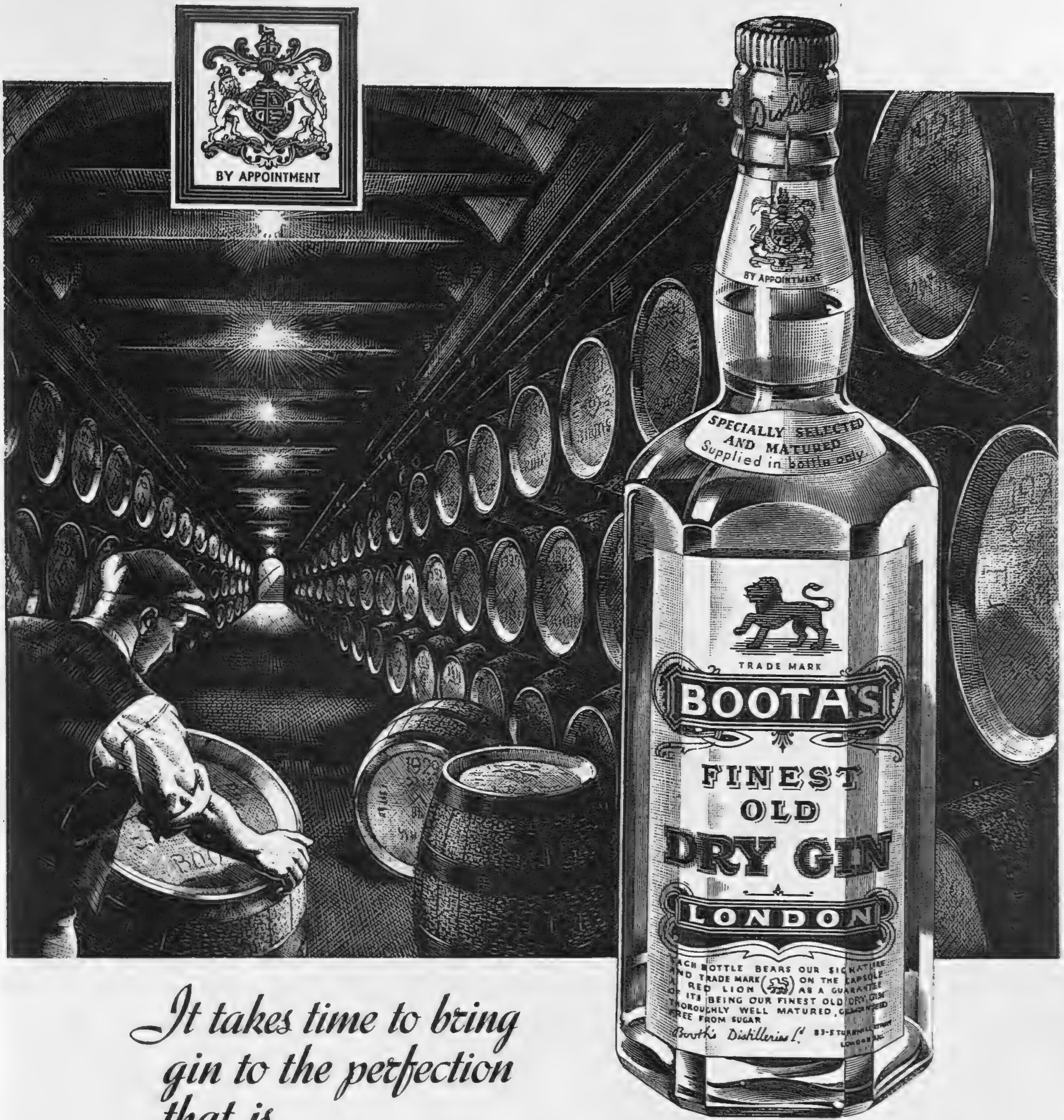


ACROSS.

1. Here's a line to finish the pictures (5).
6. Demands more (5).
9. Flood in two cricket terms (7).
10. A book, hitherto unknown (5).
11. "Monte" (5).
12. Turn out (5).
13. Stood (7).
16. A change of residence in building material (5).
19. Skip (4).
20. The moral environment of Pater's home after it was broken up (10).
22. Venture, and many do the first half to get a variation of the second (10).
24. Dish twelve albatrosses provide (4).
25. The Atlantic has been many times (5).
27. Sudden attack way down (7).
31. Cheek that may give pain (5).
33. Country suggesting her manner to him (5).
34. Composer-pianist (5).
35. French general in the Great War (7).
36. A typical French gesture (5).
37. Ointment for the doormat? (5).

DOWN.

1. Usual difference between one yard and two (5).
2. The devil returns (5).
3. Our system (5).
4. The kind that's handed down (10).
5. Handle the earth produces (4).
6. Embrace (7).
7. Trunk, but not in an elephant (5).
8. More than (5).
14. This amount is virtually nothing (7).
15. Make one by reversing it inside (5).
17. Can't be struck without coming to an agreement (7).
18. Not symmetrically (10).
21. "Cry ——, and let slip the dogs of war" (*Julius Cæsar*) (5).
23. Four days like this are enough to leave you breathless (7).
25. Often betray thoughts (5).
26. Something you find in baskets (5).
28. Fish (5).
29. On which an artist relies for his support (5).
30. Oh, sir! (5).
32. With Ted it's joined: split without (4).



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MOTOR DICTA.

By H. E. SYMONS.

WORDS, words, words! Do you remember the "Five-Year Road Plan"? It was two years ago that our amiable Minister of Transport made his famous announcement that "during the next five years £100,000,000 will be spent on the roads." His promise was hailed with joy, and I, in company with my fellow-scribes, complimented Mr. Hore-Belisha on his wisdom and foresight. It were a far, far better thing to have waited until the five years had passed before judging.

Watch the NEW FORD "TEN" *at any traffic-light controlled crossing. It is first away nearly every time, leaving many cars of twice its power behind.*

I am rapidly becoming of the same way of thinking as the spokesmen of certain political bodies. They say that the five-year, hundred-million road plan was a "stunt," introduced in order to show the go-ahead character of the National Government. The other day, at the request of the British Road Federation, of which Lord Howe is chairman, a question was asked by Sir Reginald Clarry in the House of Commons. He wanted to know what was "the total amount paid by way of grants to the highway authorities in respect of the first two years of the Five-Year Road Plan of £100,000,000 from the commencement thereof in 1935 to 31st March, 1937." Mr. Hore-Belisha replied that £741,152 had been spent on trunk-road schemes and £5,710,629 on other road schemes.

Well, this means that a total of only £6,451,781 has been spent on the roads in the last two years. Supposing that this represents, on an average, 70 per cent. grants to local authorities, it appears that only one-tenth of the promised expenditure on the roads has been carried out. So, if he is to fulfil his promise, the Minister of Transport will have to authorise the spending of more than £90,000,000 in the next three years. Experts declare that unless immediate and drastic alterations in policy are effected, the five-year plan cannot possibly be carried out. True, a sum of £28,000,000 has been quoted as the estimated expenditure of the Road Fund during the current financial year, but as more than 25 per cent. of this—say, at least seven millions—is scheduled for minor improvements and maintenance, the amount to be spent on making modern roads for motor traffic will not be so very large.

Germany is successfully carrying out a five-year road plan and is right up to schedule with the mileage of new roads completed. Cannot we display a similar degree of efficiency in completing *our* scheme? Perhaps the answer is that while the dictators in the two countries which have made the greatest advance in highway construction—Germany and Italy—are fully aware of the national value of motor transport, and are themselves keen motorists, we have never yet had a Minister of Transport who could accurately be described as a very keen motorist. In response to criticisms of our present Minister, his loyal staff have been at some pains to point out that he does own a car. But has he ever been seen at the wheel of a moving car? If Mr. Hore-Belisha wished to inspire some sort of trust in the breasts of the millions of road-users in this country, he should make a point of *driving himself* to every official function within a reasonable distance of London. If there were a new bridge to open at Oxford, or a new bypass at Brighton, he should travel to the ceremony by road at the wheel of his own car. He could not argue that it would be "quicker by rail," for the door-to-door journey up to eighty miles or so is nearly always quicker than the combination of taxi, train, and private car to the scene of the ceremony. On his way he would learn a whole lot of things about his beacons, speed limits, and so on at first hand, and might, as a result, become a better M. of T. He might realise, too, what effect the addition of five hundred cars to our roads *every day* has on our newly-made but already obsolete bypasses, and do something to ease matters in the future.

The new 14-56-H.P. WOLSELEY SALON DE VILLE *is an important newcomer to the range of cars for 1937. It is a genuine five-seater of great comfort and economy, priced at £295.*

Talking about easing matters, what about the bus strike? Did you notice how much more smoothly traffic flowed when the big, red "Generals" no longer halted every hundred yards and held up more mobile vehicles? And how much *quieter* the streets were! The much-abused motor-cycle is to-day as silent as the average family car, but some of the London buses still have exhausts that would put most sports cars to shame.

Apart from this altogether, the strike demonstrated from its beginning how great an asset to the nation is the private motorist in times of emergency. The owner-driver, who philosophically puts up with heavy taxation and countless regulations, has proved during the strike to be a real friend in need, giving lifts to those who would otherwise have had to walk miles to their work and taking busy mothers of families and elderly folk to do their shopping. As in the General Strike, the private motorist has helped all round.

This England . . .

The Thames—Streatley Bridge.

THE River Thames means many different things to many different men. There is the alder-shaded country stream at Lechlade, the lovely reaches where it becomes the Isis of youthful hopes and happy memories; Streatley bridge where the plunge begins between the wooded shoulders of the Berkshire Downs. Henley (after Ascot), historic Windsor, Wolsey's Hampton and Elizabeth's "sweet Shene" . . . on, on to the lighters and language of the Port of London. Different things to different men, but to all men one — good bodily exercise in the open air. And one thing more for every waterman's delight; at almost any inn from the Cotswolds to Canvey you may tie up for a Worthington — the just reward of jolly labour.

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DISTRIBUTION.

IT was, I think, Culbertson who first talked about "crashing on the rocks of distribution." And all players became obsessed with the subject, so to-day it is as common for a player to tell you that he was held up on account of distribution as for him to excuse his bid or his pass because he did or did not, as the case may be, hold "two and a half." Despite the caution shown, many hands still crash on the rocks of distribution, but then, many hands crash on "two and a half" as well.

Bad distribution most certainly is an unfortunate state of affairs; there is, however, bad distribution and bad distribution. I mean, in some cases the contract is down the river from the start; while in others the distribution can be dodged or, at any rate, its evil influence reduced to a minimum. The average player does not notice this: he finds the cards awkwardly placed, gives up hope, and declares it is "just his luck; such things never happen to anybody bar himself"—and that altogether he is the most unfortunate of men. That is not the best way to view the situation; no doubt it is "just your luck" to find a sitting game and rubber go crashing because you have bumped on the rocks of distribution; but still, if you need be but, say, one down, there is no good in, so to speak, throwing in your hand and being three or four down; in other words, there is always a "best" side to every state of affairs. Well, then, why not make the best of a bad distributional situation?

My advice to players—defenders as well as declarers—is always to be on the look-out for bad distribution. Before declarer plays a card from dummy, he should (among other things) think "how can this particular combination go wrong?" No matter how unlikely it is to go wrong, if he sees any way in which it *can* go wrong, he must immediately take precautions against that happening. I have seen hundreds of big hands go down simply because declarer would not lead a round or two of trumps, which he could well afford, before giving himself or dummy a ruff—to find himself over-ruffed most unexpectedly and most unjustly, I grant. In looking for a trap in every hand, I would not have declarer be a pessimist; on the contrary, he should always be an optimist, hoping for a distribution that will make his contract certain, but guarding against a distribution, no matter how unlikely, that will defeat it. Here are examples of both conditions.

		Y	
Spades—A, 4, 2.			Spades—6, 3.
Hearts—A, 10, 9, 8.	A	B	Hearts—7, 6.
Clubs—A, K, 6, 5.			Clubs—Kn, 3, 2. [3, 2.
Diamonds—6, 5.			Diamonds—A, K, Q, 4,
		Z	

A is playing three no-trumps. Y led the five of spades. The first thing A should notice is that *five* of spades. Y, being obedient to the old-fashioned teaching of most modern writers, has led his fourth best. Hence (the two, three, and four being in sight) Y led from four cards, and his partner, Z, has four spades also, so YZ can make only three tricks in that suit anyhow. So much invaluable information has the lead of fourth best given him. Next, A sees six tricks in diamonds, and four other tricks in his own hand—ten tricks in all, and a squeeze on YZ that may easily bring his total up to twelve, if not thirteen, tricks. That is fine, *if the diamonds break*; but what if they don't? A should guard against that distribution; he takes trick one, leads a diamond, and when Y follows he is safe. Note: Y cannot hold five diamonds, since he led a four-suit at trick one. A ducks in dummy; YZ win three spade tricks, and A makes the rest—game. In actual play, A did not guard against bad distribution. Z held four diamonds, and A made the odd trick only. Bad luck for A, but not as bad as his play.

On the following, optimism defeated bad distribution—

		Y	
Spades—A, K, Kn, 10, 9.			Spades—Q.
Hearts—Kn, 10, 9.	A	B	Hearts—A, Q, 4, 3, 2.
Clubs—Kn, 2.			Clubs—A, Q, 10, 9, 7, 6.
Diamonds—A, Q, Kn.			Diamonds—10.
		Z	

The contract was six spades. Y led a diamond, Z played small, and A won with the knave. He led the ace and another spade; Y failed on the second round! Z therefore holds one more trump than A. However, there was nothing for it but to be optimistic, and hope that the club suit would be more kindly distributed than the spades. A led out all his trumps, discarding four hearts from the dummy, B. Next the knave of clubs, which won, followed by the two; the king of clubs was caught, so A lost only one trick—that sixth trump. This is an interesting distribution; it is clear that, unless there are six trumps in one hand against declarer, the contract is a certainty—the only losing trick being the king of clubs. Yet

[Continued overleaf.

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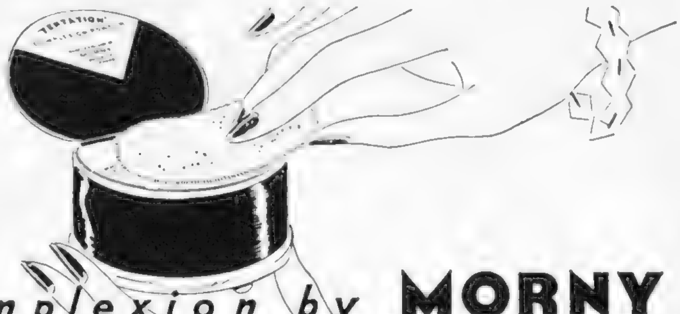

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The shirt illustrated is one of the new range of the famous Summit Six-Point shirts on show at all Austin Reed shops this week. Blues, browns and greys with wide two-colour stripes. Two collars to match. **10/6**

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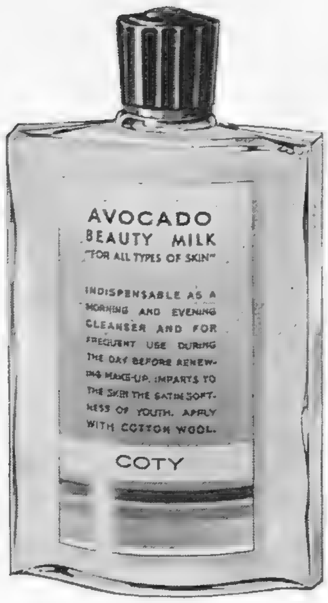

But naturally you must use a cleanser that will penetrate better than cream, better than water, to float out all the hidden powder and fine particles of rouge from the bottom of the pores.

The one cleanser to do this is Coty Avocado Beauty Milk. It is made from the oil of Calavo Avocado Pear, which has greater penetrating power than cream or water. As a result of its use your skin will feel fresher and cleaner, your powder base will go on better and you will get a bloom with your powder that otherwise would be impossible.

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Continued.]

many players, giving no thought to bad distribution, would have attacked on different lines; at trick two, a losing diamond would have been led—a ruff in dummy being irresistible. Then, hopefully, A would regain the lead in hearts, draw trumps, and make the rest. Yes, that play would work all right, provided always A can make sure of entering his hand with a heart; an unnecessary risk, which gives bad distribution a double chance of knocking the contract—*i.e.*, six trumps in one hand *or* a heart ruff. Hence, I say, be on the look-out for bad distribution and guard against it; if you don't do this and things go wrong, don't expect sympathy when you try to make out it is just your luck, and that these things never happen to anybody but yourself.

POSTSCRIPT BY MARIEGOLD.

THE party at the German Embassy was most magnificent, as might have been expected, as it is the first really big entertainment which the Ribbentrops have given since their arrival in London. Naturally, with so many German artists here, it was musical, with Frida Leider to sing to all our most important people in their best jewels. Buffets bearing masses of excellent food—some of a traditional German kind—seemed to be in every corner, and the beer-garden at the back of the house was patronised by many notable guests, including Lord Desborough.

The Duke and Duchess of Kent were, of course, the chief guests. They must have had rather a tiring evening, as they came on to the concert from the State Banquet and finished up at the Albert Hall Coronation Ball, which was really a brilliant affair—just as good as everyone said it would be, and you must admit that that is rare!

. . . . . .

The Austrian Legation is always the scene of many good parties, balls, and concerts. One of the next events to be held there will be the concert in aid of the Caldecott Home School for Children on June 3, when Antonia Butler will play her 'cello, and Moira Schen and Laurence Holmes will sing and Hilde Loewe play. The Duchess of Atholl, Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, and Viscountess Hinchingbrooke are among the patrons of the appeal committee, and the concert committee is under the chairmanship of Mrs. Cecil Harcourt, so the music should be excellent. Tickets are one guinea or 10s. 6d.; and the Duchess of Kent has given her patronage to the affair.

. . . . . .

Last night, May 25, was fixed for the third "Big Ben" Ball at Grosvenor House, in aid of the funds of the Conservative Party. Mrs. Stanley Baldwin promised to come on after the dinner at 10, Downing Street, at which she and the Prime Minister had the honour of entertaining their Majesties the King and Queen at what was really a small and almost private dinner. She planned to present some of the seven hundred prizes to be won, which included a diamond wrist-watch.

. . . . . .

One of the recent small cocktail-parties of special interest was that given by Lord and Lady Methuen in connection with the Loan Exhibition of Treasures of the West which opened at Bristol yesterday, May 25. Lord Methuen's London house is in Westminster, and contains a studio where one may see a number of his recent portraits, including his excellent picture of the explorer, Miss Freya Stark. He was telling guests at his party that they must on no account miss going to Bristol to see this show. The ecclesiastical silver alone will make the trip worth while, and there will be many never-before-exhibited pictures from private collections. These include a self-portrait of the Scottish artist Alan Ramsay, and some notable early Italian paintings, including one by Daddi, a rare painter who is now "in the news," as the King has lent a work by him to the National Gallery.

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DOWN.—2. Apse. 3. Double. 4. Ripon. 5. Alibi. 6. Hunts. 7. Back Number. 8. Fearlessly. 13. Antenna. 14. Leitrim. 15. Hard-Bitten. 16. Defamatory. 17. Seems. 18. Psalm 25. Ararat. 26. Point. 27. Level. 28. Sugar. 30. Otto.

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SEVEN HOURS IN RIO.

(Continued from page 402)

He made love to her like an artist. It was his one accomplishment, much practised, and he could always tune himself faultlessly to the required pitch. It did not amuse him to go very far, for he never complicated a situation which might not prove worth the trouble. And, really, she was too naïve. He felt almost embarrassed as he watched the flowering of her spirit under his suave encouragements. Yes, he decided, it was really too easy. There was no fun in making love to a woman who seemed to have no knowledge of the added enticements of withdrawal. He grew uncomfortable, then irritated. Hang it, the woman was taking him seriously!

. . . . . .

Late that night, lying in her bunk, gazing earnestly at the ceiling, she felt a curious sensation come into her breast as though a hand lying there had turned over. She could feel the actual physical movement. "It 's thinking of him makes me feel like that," she said to herself with satisfaction. It was splendid to feel herself in love.

But in the morning she found that Jack was already contemplating a new attraction, in the exquisite person of Mrs. Ralston, a sophisticated young American who had joined the boat at Rio with her husband. At Madeira, however, Jack, whose pressing invitation Mrs. Ralston had capriciously refused, turned suddenly to Christina and asked her to spend the day on shore with him. To her own surprise and mortification, she accepted.

Jack, who by this time was seriously in love with Adèle Ralston, was not in the best of humours as he handed Christina into the bullock-cart which was to drive them round the town. Children tossed them flowers as they passed, and Christina sat with a load of blossoms in her lap, bruising the petals with her nervous fingers.

"Damn these bullock-carts," he said. "Jerk the life out of one. Bally children seem to want money for those flowers. Throw 'em back." He scooped up a handful of blossoms and hurled them at the trotting crowd of ragamuffins, who fell back disconcerted. He chuckled, recovering his humour, and, characteristically, threw a shilling to the astonished ringleader. Then he turned to Christina with a charming smile. "I say, would you do something for me?"

("So that 's it!" she thought, with a sinking heart. "He doesn't wait long before trying to make use of me. He knows the exact extent of his powers.")

"I 'll do anything," she said.

"That 's a nice woman," he replied comfortably. "Well, fact is, I want you just to take a letter from me to——"

A certain wildness in her eye giving him pause, "Well——" he finished lamely, "perhaps I 'll tell you about it later on. Yes, later on will do. 'Course, if you don't want to help a feller," he sulked, growing bolder as her face resumed its natural quietude, "if that 's the case——"

She frowned. "I 'd do anything—you know I would," she said, experiencing a wry, voluptuous pleasure in this surrender of her pride. "Tell me now."

"This damn cart," he said nervously, "joggles so. Look here, when we get back on board to-night—we needn't be back for dinner, as the ship doesn't sail till dawn, so you must dine with me at the hotel here first, and we 'll have a spot of dancing—well, when we get back on board to-night, I want you to take a note to somebody's cabin——"

She clutched at her self-esteem. "But surely the steward——"

"No, that 's impossible—but don't think about it now—anyhow, it 's only a message about the committee meeting to-morrow morning——"

"Oh, it 's all right," she cried, "we 'll talk about it later. Is this the hotel?"

They dined magnificently, and he was charming. After dinner they sat on a terrace overlooking the warm sea, and drank liqueurs. ("Oh, really, I 've had quite enough to drink already this evening, Mr. Protten!" "Don't be absurd—one more won't hurt you," etc.)

He accustomed her mind by subtle degrees to the thought of the favour he had asked her to do, until she found herself viewing quite calmly the prospect of being entrusted late at night with the delivery of a letter from him to a woman she disliked and distrusted. On their return to the boat, his handshake and smile, with their suggestion of intimacy in pleasures shared and of future promise, drugged her re-awakening distaste for the mission. At the top of the gangway she turned from him and found his father beside

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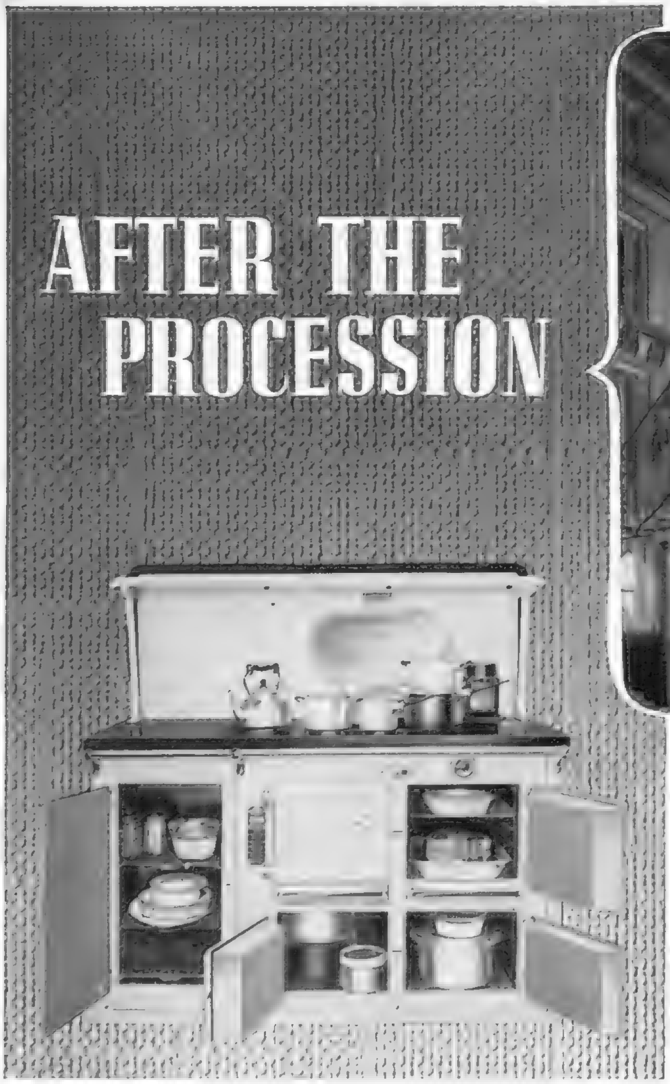


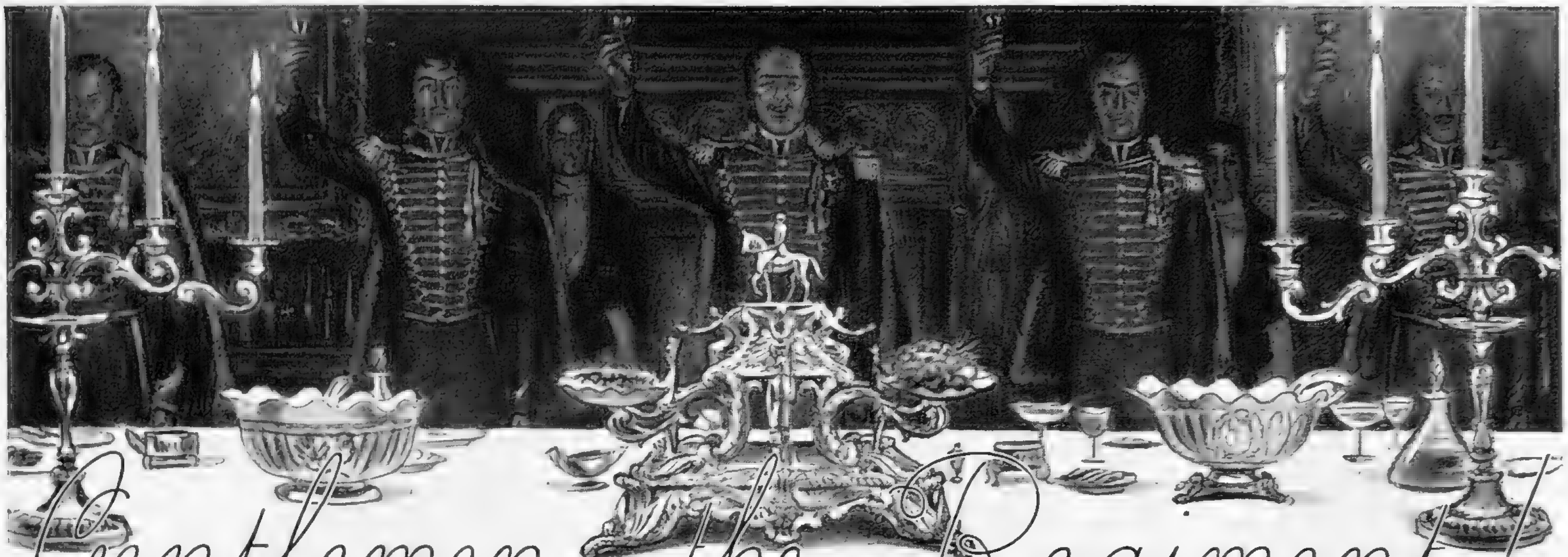
ESSE **DINNER PARTIES AND FAMILY REUNIONS**

for months to come will be held to mark the commencement of a new reign.

Famous chefs, at the request of the Esse Cooker Company, have composed special menus for dinner parties during the Coronation season.

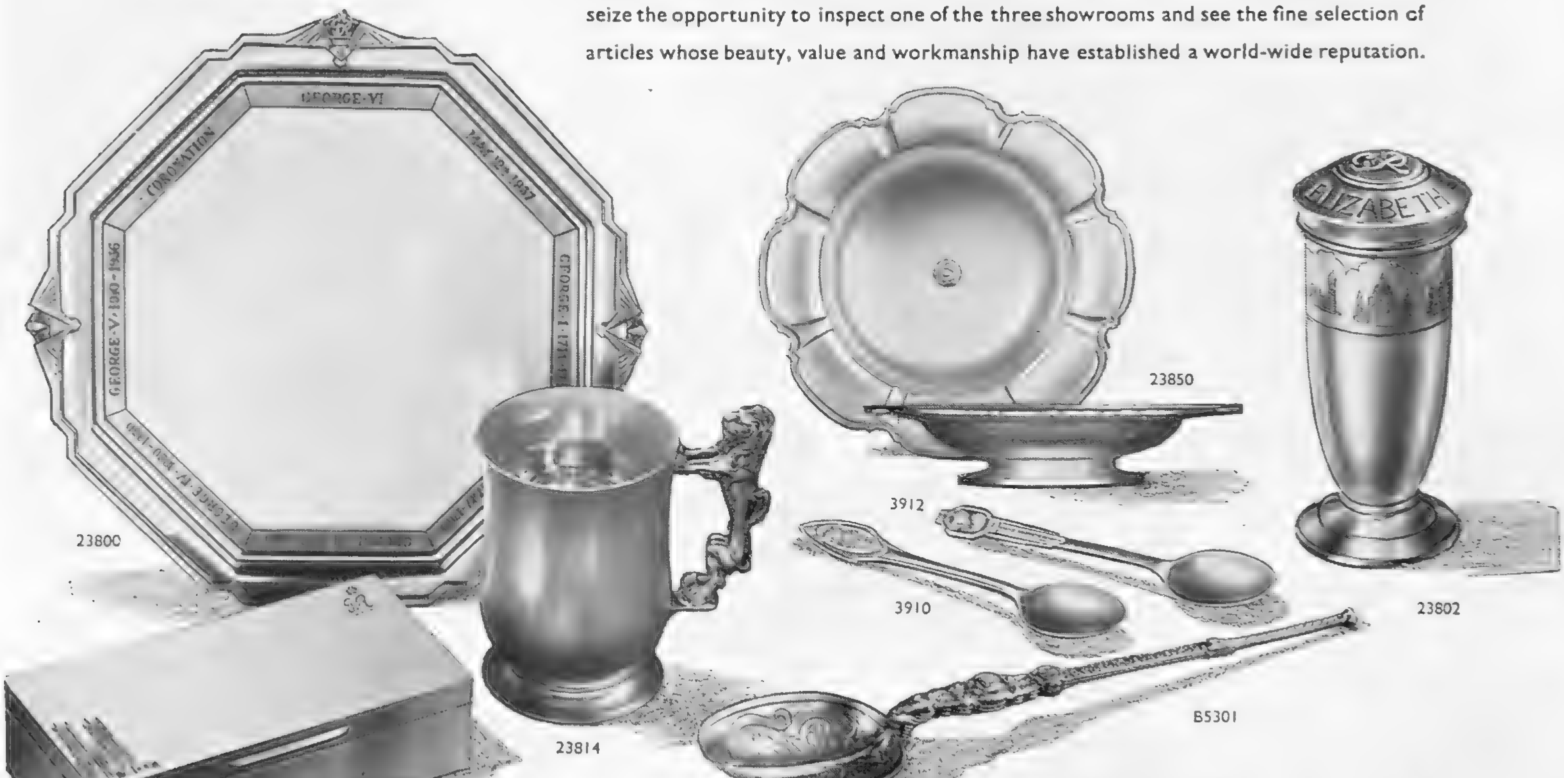
You are invited to send for these menus, which are included in an attractive folder, together with advice to cooks regarding the preparation and cooking of the meals. Please write for your copy to Dept. S.K., The Esse Cooker Company, Bonnybridge, Scotland. West End Showrooms and Demonstration Kitchens: 63, Conduit Street, London, W.1.

ILLUSTRATED IS PREMIER ESSE HEAT STORAGE COOKER No. 71 FOR LARGE RESIDENCES. FUEL: ANTHRACITE



Gentlemen, the Regiment!

A Hundred years ago the men who had fought at Torres Vedras and Waterloo toasted the young Queen, just entering on her great reign, then drank to the honour of the Regiment whose symbol stood on the table before them. Taste in silver designing has changed through the century, but Mappin & Webb are still responsible for many of the lovely pieces that grace certain famous tables. Visitors to London should seize the opportunity to inspect one of the three showrooms and see the fine selection of articles whose beauty, value and workmanship have established a world-wide reputation.



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Paris Johannesburg THE ROYAL SHOWROOMS, NORFOLK STREET, SHEFFIELD *Buenos Aires, Etc.*

Continued]

her. The old gentleman looked at her strangely for an instant, and then passed on, leaving her alone, trembling inexplicably. She paused, her eyes on the letter in her hand. Jack had disappeared, believing his work to be done.

Somewhere in her brain the thousand small indignities that he had made her suffer stirred and raised their heads in response to that look from old Mr. Protten. "No," she said aloud, "this won't do. I must have been mad." The letter in her hand crackled responsively. She noticed that the flap of the envelope had been hastily stuck. A flick of her finger served to raise it intact.

"Why have you been so unkind to me lately," she read, "and avoided me so that my only chance of getting you to listen is by writing? Do you think that after a night like that you 're going to get rid of me? Let me see you to-night. I 've bought you a present to-day at Madeira that I think you 'll really like. I 'll come at twelve-thirty—probably about an hour after you get this. We 're quite safe from that husband of yours, if that 's what you 're worrying about. I heard him say this morning that he 's booked for another 3 a.m. night to-night, playing poker with the Morrisons. I 'm sending this by that odd little Treves (not a bad creature, but heavens, how dull!), as she 's much safer than one of those infernal chatty stewards, and was obviously built by an all-seeing Providence specially for this sort of job. See how careful I am of your reputation! I 've told her this letter 's about the committee meeting to-morrow! She 'd believe anything—it 's amazing! Tear this up—and be kind to me to-night! *A bientôt.*"—J. P.

Years of subconscious self-discipline came to Christina's help. She discarded emotion as unsuitable to the moment, nor did she allow her mind to become clouded by the leaping hatred that threatened her. She realised that she could now view the past ten days as they had really been, and the sight was not pretty. After a minute or two, she found that a feeling of naked exhilaration was coming to her. The truth—after her excursions into fantasy—was a relief.

There was one thing that she could do, one plum that lay within her reach for the plucking. She glanced at her watch and proceeded soberly to her task. . . . Half an hour later, a steward handed a letter to Jack Protten as he leant over a rail of the promenade deck. He was staring dramatically at the moon, his feet tittuping a tattoo on the boards, his head turning continually to the big clock-face that could be seen through the open saloon doorway, his mind on fire.

He started in surprise, frowned, and was seen by the much-intrigued steward to tremble as he tore open the envelope.

The decorous convolutions of Christina's handwriting confronted him in the moonlight.

"DEAR MR. PROTTEN—After all your kindness to-day to a lonely woman I could but repay you by carrying out your commission, which I have just done most successfully." (Here a smile of relief and gratification rose to Jack's eyes.) "I write to bid you good-bye, as I have just decided to leave the ship this evening, for the pleasant purpose of a short stay in Madeira. Whether the place will seem as attractive to me on my own as it did to-day in your company remains to be seen, but I have such delightful memories of my few hours on shore that I feel I must explore the island more fully. The hotels are, I believe (very fortunately for me), not expensive. I must add that you have given me the memory of a day I shall *never* forget. Yours sincerely,

CHRISTINA TREVES.

"P.S.—I had some little difficulty in delivering your letter, as Mr. Ralston was not in his cabin. However, I discovered him eventually, playing poker in the smoking-room. He seemed somewhat perturbed, I noticed, on reading the contents. He did not seem to realise my presence, and brushed past me in the most brusque fashion, and disappeared downstairs in *great* haste! I had no idea that a letter concerned with committee meeting details could be taken so much to heart!—C. T.

"P.P.S.—Dear me, why isn't your handwriting easier to read? Do you know that I almost delivered the letter to *Major Cranston* instead of Mr. Ralston, as I could barely decipher the superscription on the envelope!"

In after years, the memory of that second P.S. warmed Christina's heart. It had been a most felicitous finishing touch that would leave him for ever uncertain as to her innocence or guilt. Indeed, all through the divorce proceedings, and even now, he is still wondering. . . .

THE END.

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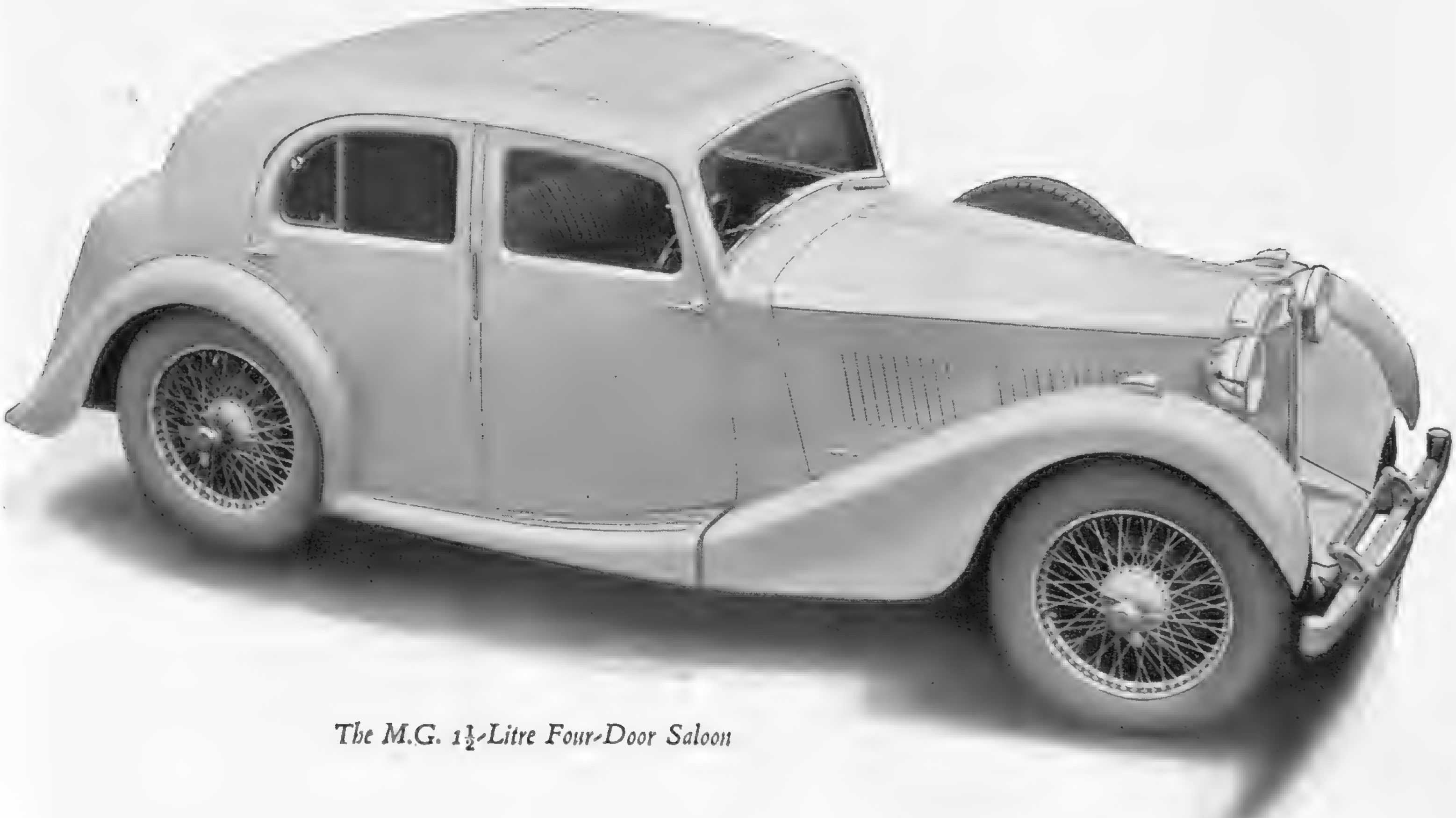

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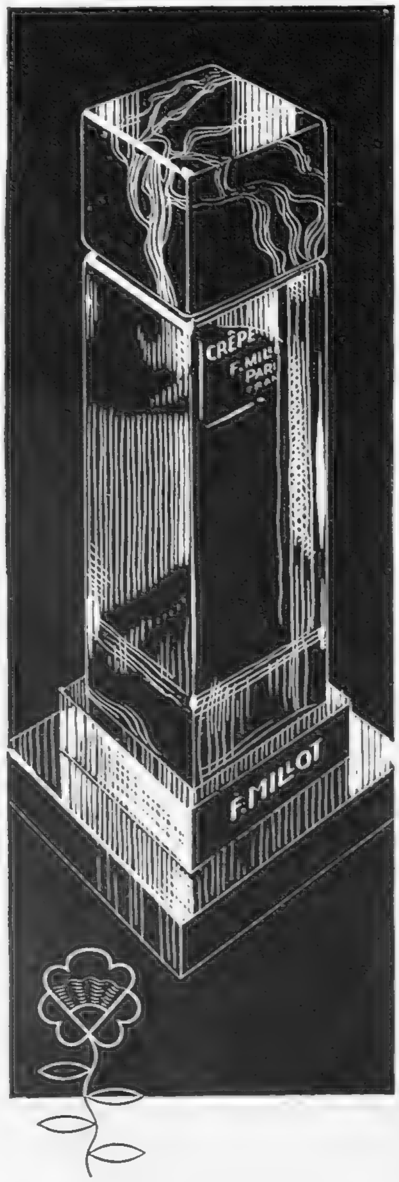

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(*Continued from Page 432*)

a little priggish. Our authors are not quite immune from the slight censoriousness which sometimes distinguishes English travellers abroad; but in their case it is too ingenuous to offend; indeed, by sometimes inviting disagreement it gives marrow and backbone to this serious, interesting, amusing book.

"How *Dare* You, Sir!" A domineering, repressive aunt whose "style of architecture follows rather closely the lines of the Albert Hall," her sprightly and desirable niece, Diana ("a shapely little nude," according to her own diary), two young men with motor-cars, an American millionaire bent on purchasing a Norfolk Broad (but it must have an island), a Baronet possessing such a sheet of water, but unwilling to sell it—these are some of the ingredients that go to make up Mr. Noël Godrer's lively and quick-moving farce, "How *Dare* You, Sir!" A *divertissement* of this kind needs a good plot if it is not to hang fire. Mr. Godrer's idea of improvising an island on Bobby's Broad is first-rate; and the sub-plots and counterplots, all leading to the humiliation and final overthrow of the obstructive aunt, are dexterously handled.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Strange Houses. By Cora Jarrett. (*Heinemann; 7s. 6d.*)
Phineas Kahn. By Simon Blumenfeld. (*Cape; 7s. 6d.*)
Lodgers in Sweden. By Romilly and Katherine John. (*Faber and Faber; 12s. 6d.*)
How *Dare* You, Sir! By Noël Godrer. (*John Long; 7s. 6d.*)

CHEAP PETROL IN FRANCE.

Motorists visiting France with their cars this year will be able to obtain cheaper petrol. The Minister of Finance has decided to grant, from May 1 to Oct. 31, a reduction in price to motorists holding the "carte de légitimation" issued in connection with the Paris International Exhibition. This can be obtained through the French Commercial Attachés and French Consulates in this country, and the usual travel agencies and motoring associations; or from the French Railways National Tourist Office, 179, Piccadilly, W.1. The reduction allowed corresponds to 60 centimes per litre of petrol purchased, at the rate of 20 litres a day for a minimum stay of five days, with a maximum of 6000 litres in all.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"**BALALAIKA**" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—Pre-war Russian gaiety; songs and dances.

"**HOME AND BEAUTY**" (Adelphi). 8.15. A mad week-end light-operatically revued. Wit and satire by stars.

"**SWING ALONG**" (Gaiety). 8.15.—Good scenes; good music; good dancing; Leslie Henson on top form.

"**JANE EYRE**" (Aldwych). 8.30.—Curigwen Lewis and Reginald Tate in the Bronte thriller.

"**FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS**" (Criterion). 8.40.—Laughter without limit.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"**THE CONSTANT WIFE**" (Globe). 8.30.—Somerset Maugham's witty play, with Ruth Chatterton as the wife.

"**BLACK LIMELIGHT**" (St. James's). 8.30.—Margaret Rawlings as wife and wanton, in the solution of a sensational murder.

"**LONDON AFTER DARK**" (Apollo). 8.30. The further adventures of Marion Lorne, with a thrilling finish.

"**WISE TO-MORROW**" (Lyric). 8.30.—Theatrical career rather than marriage.

"**GEORGE AND MARGARET**" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—The lightest possible plot, but rich comedy.

"**BIG BUSINESS**" (Hippodrome). 8.15.—A Bobby Howes, Vera Pearce, and Wylie Watson combination.

"**THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE**" (Haymarket). 8.30.—"Crime and Research" (!), with Ralph Richardson.

"**CARELESS RAPTURE**" (Drury Lane). 8.—Ivor Novello's big spectacle; with Dorothy Dickson and Zena Dare.

"**THE FROG**" (Prince's). 8.10.—All the Edgar Wallace thrills in one, adapted by Ian Hay.

"**BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON**" (Comedy). 8.30.—Dorothy L. Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey dramatised.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"**LOST HORIZON**" (Tivoli).—Ronald Colman finds Utopia.

"**FAREWELL AGAIN**" (Plaza).—Flora Robson and Leslie Banks in a vivid story of a curtailed military leave.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"**MAYTIME**" (Carlton).—Jeanette Macdonald, Nelson Eddy, and John Barrymore in glamorous musical romance.

"**SHALL WE DANCE?**" (Regal).—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers at the top of their form.

"**DER AMMENKOENIG**" (Studio One).—Entertaining German comedy adapted from Max Dreyer's banned play.

"**BURGTHEATER**" (Academy).—A Viennese back-stage drama of youth and age.

"**PÉPÉ LE MOKO**" (Curzon).—An interesting story of outlawry in Algiers.

"**HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT**" (Leicester Square Theatre).—Triangle drama with Jean Arthur and Charles Boyer.

"**WINGS OF THE MORNING**" (New Gallery).—The first British all-Technicolor picture, with Annabella, Henry Fonda, and Leslie Banks.

A FILM ABOVE THE AVERAGE.

"**MOONLIGHT SONATA**" (London Pavilion).—Distinguished by the playing of Paderewski and the acting of Marie Tempest.

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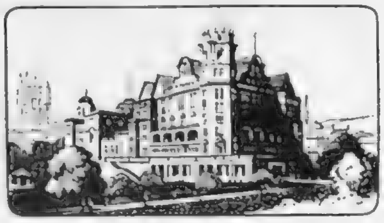

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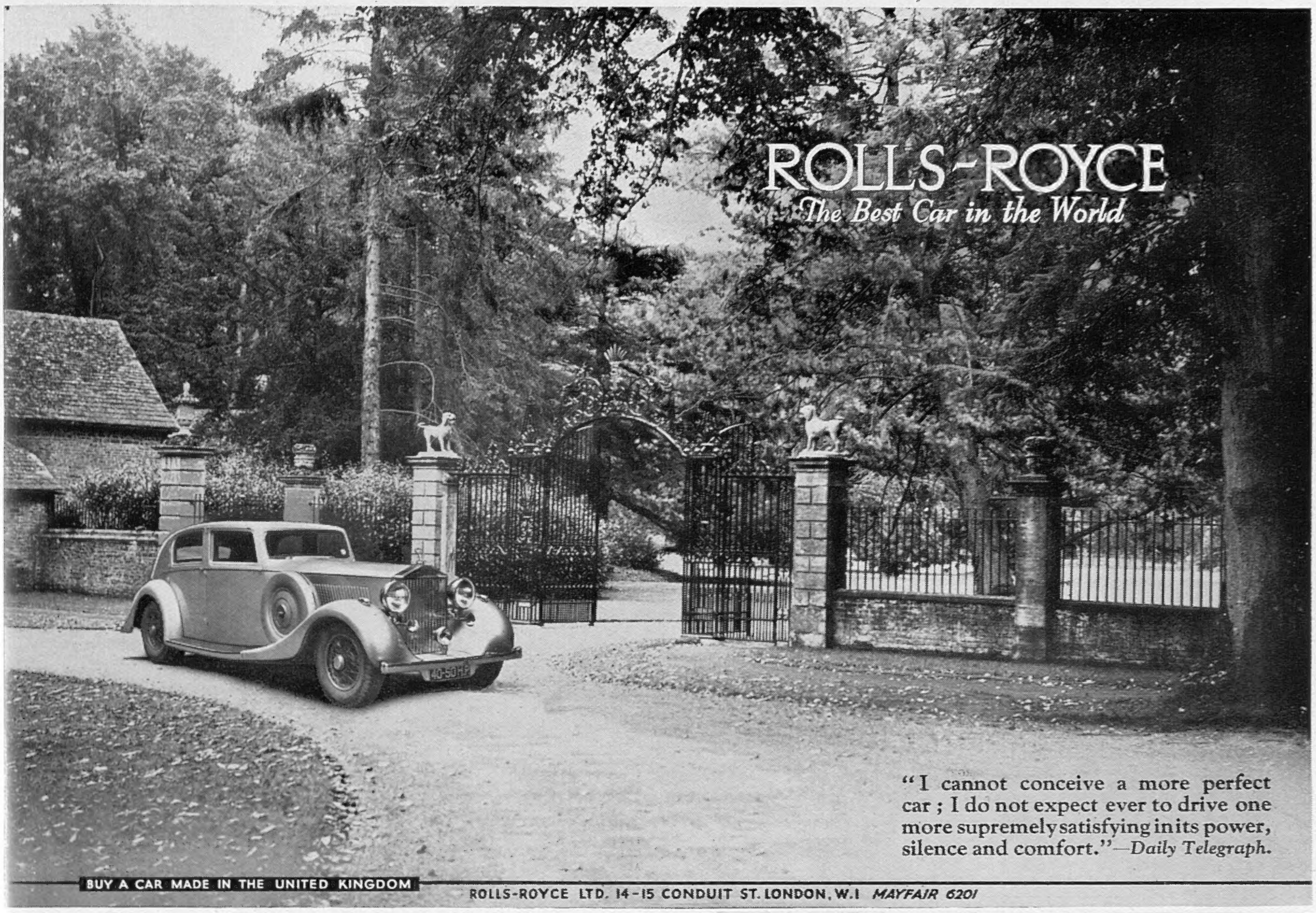

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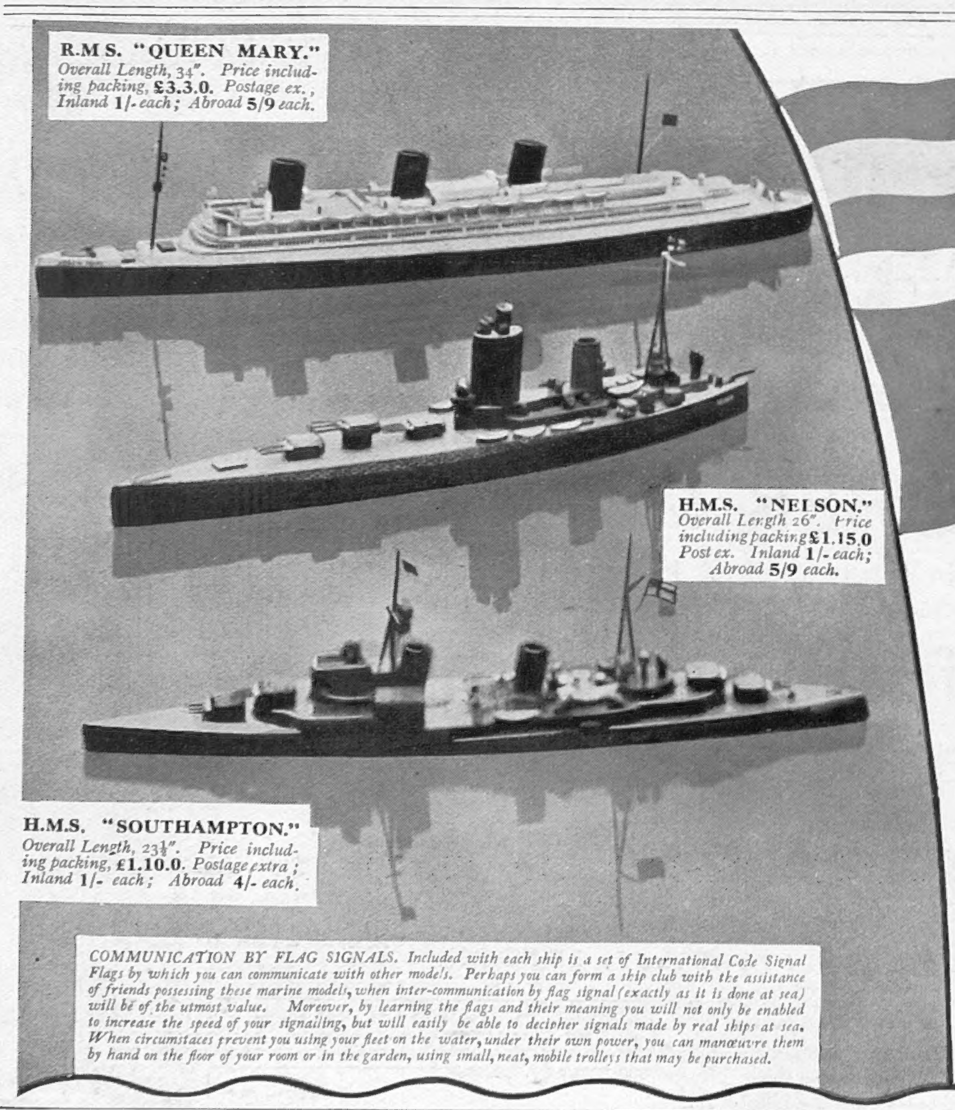
2. MISS BETTY ESSON, THE CHARMING DAUGHTER OF MR. M. B. ESSON AND MRS. ESSON, OF SHORTLANDS, KENT, WAS PRESENTED AT THE SECOND COURT BY MRS. WILLIAM JORDAN.
3. MISS CECILE RANKIN, YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF SIR ROBERT RANKIN, BT., M.P., AND FLIGHT LIEUTENANT JOHN GRANDY, R.A.F., ADJUTANT AND INSTRUCTOR OF THE NEWLY-FORMED UNIVERSITY OF LONDON AIR SQUADRON, ARE TO BE MARRIED EARLY IN SEPTEMBER.
4. THE ENGAGEMENT OF THE HON. MARGARET BRADBURY, DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY BRADBURY, TO DR. STANLEY HOOKER, YOUNGEST SON OF MR. AND MRS. W. H. HOOKER, OF SHEERNESS, HAS BEEN ANNOUNCED.
5. MISS JOAN DUFFIELD WAS PRESENTED AT THE SECOND COURT BY THE HON. MRS. BRUCE, WIFE OF THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR AUSTRALIA. SHE IS THE DAUGHTER OF THE LATE PROF. GEOFFREY DUFFIELD, DIRECTOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH SOLAR OBSERVATORY, AND THE GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER OF COLONEL GAWLER, ORIGINAL CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNOR OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA. HER UNCLE, MR. K. L. DUFFIELD, IS THE SHEEP-FARMER-COMPOSER AND PRODUCER.—[*Photographs by Vandyk, Cannons of Hollywood, Tunbridge, Claud Harris.*]



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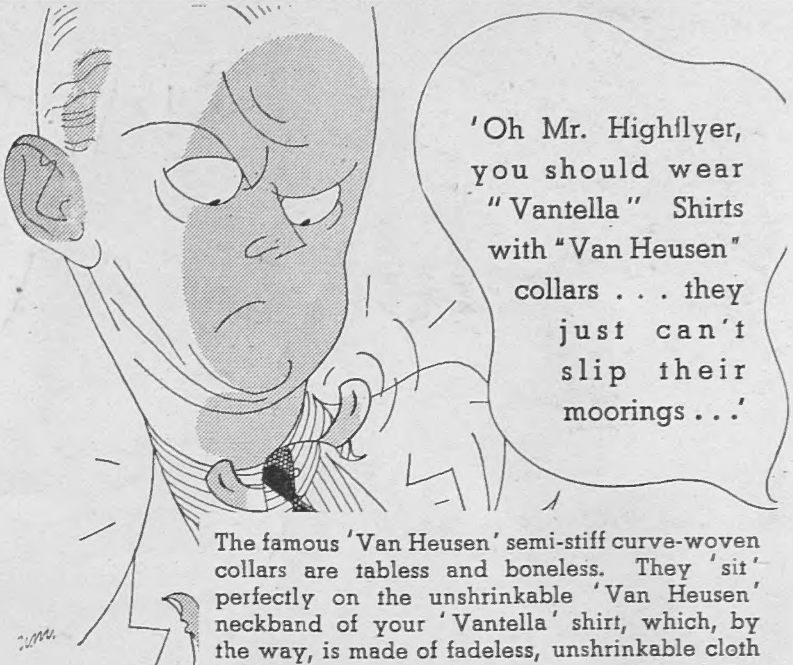

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Sir Edward: ". . . . foolish to have forgotten that. Have you a Course representative?"

Duggie: "No, my business is done at Stuart House; but surely it's much easier to telegraph from the Course than to queue up at the 'Tote'?"

Sir Edward: "Admitted, but there's the expense of sending telegrams."

Duggie: "Sorry to pull you up again, Sir Edward. You've forgotten that I pay for all telegrams my clients send me."

Sir Edward: "Hang it all . . . . should have remembered that. Any other factor?"

Duggie: "Yes, a very important one, rather technical, but quite simple."

Sir Edward: "I'll do my best to understand it."

Duggie: "Let's presume that the 'Tote' has sold 1,000 2/- units of a horse and returned the odds at the rate of 8/1."

Sir Edward: "That's easy to follow."

Duggie: "And you wish to invest £100 on that horse at 'Tote' odds."

Sir Edward: "Again very simple. I only have to walk up to the machine."

Duggie: "Ha, that's the point. Your £100 on the machine would increase the units sold to 2,000 and the odds would be at 4/1 not 8/1."

Sir Edward: "Yes, I understand that. There would be 2,000 tickets to share the pool instead of 1,000."

Duggie: "Correct, but if you wired your £100 to me any time up to the 'off' as you can according to our arrangement, the number of units on the machine would not be increased and you would still get 8/1 instead of 4/1."

Sir Edward: "By Jove, I hadn't thought of that, neither do I think anyone else has. Before I leave, can I ask you a rather pertinent question? How is it you can give backers so much better value than the 'Tote'?"

Duggie: "Because, Sir Edward, as soon as you put your £1 on the 'Tote' it's only worth (at most) 18/-, 10% less, whereas I work on a tremendously smaller margin of profit."

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